

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 21, 1969 60 CENTS

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GRABS
THE
GIVEAWAY
MASTERS**



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Speidel's new Date Finder calendar watchband tells you the day.

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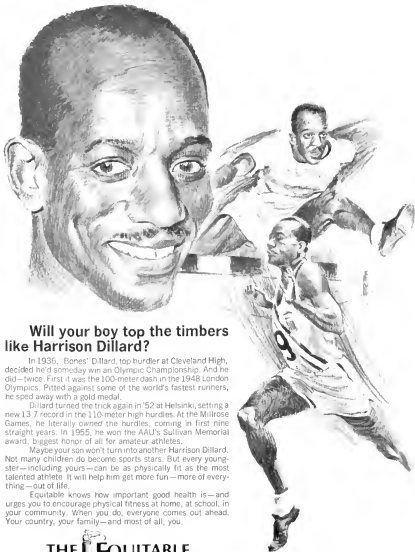
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In 1936, "Bones" Dillard, top hurdler at Cleveland High, decided he'd someday win an Olympic Championship. And he did—twice. First it was the 100-meter dash in the 1948 London Olympics. Pitted against some of the world's fastest runners, he sped away with a gold medal.

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THE  EQUITABLE

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New York, N.Y.

For an attractive 75¢ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, HARRISON DILLARD, to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1828, N.Y. N.Y. 10001.

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Contents

APRIL 21, 1969 Volume 30, No. 16

Cover photograph by Tony Troilo

- 24 Archer Grabs the Giveaway Masters
George Archer wound up with the famous green jacket but not before a lot of other pros tried it on for size

- 30 Red-hot Tune for the Kings
Inspired by Coach Red Kelly, Los Angeles battled past Oakland in an early Stanley Cup showdown

- 32 Leading Man: Wondrous Willie
Acting a new part, Willie Mays is busting first. He is 1) superb, and 2) missed sorely in his old slugging spot

- 36 The Greatest Showman on Earth
Roy Hofmeyr runs the Astrodome, owns Astronworld, the Astros, half a circus and a 37-inch waistline

- 50 Life with the Blob
A famed Santa Barbara novelist tells what the offshore oil slick has done to wildlife—and the human spirit

- 64 Jeans and a Dash of Tonic
America's classic cowboy pants have moved out of Harpeth-Ashbury and into the bñtes

- 78 This Riotous Isle
A wave of violence in and around soccer is tarnishing England's reputation as a cradle of fair play

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 10 Scorecard | 97 For the Record |
| 64 Sporting Look | 98 Baseball's Week |
| 66 Basketball | 100 19th Hole |
| 72 Harness Racing | |



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Credits on page 97

Next week

THE HOT CORNER is in the possession of a hot crew of rookies. Some are shown in color photographs, and William Leggett examines these and others in a crisp essay.

THE BEST TEACHER in tennis is, by more or less unanimous vote, Wilby Van Horn. He tells how he helped Charlie Pasarell (U.S. No. 1 in 1968) and many other champions get started.

ONE MAN CONGLOMERATE is an apt term for Charles Engelhard, who rules a vast economic empire and has become one of horse racing's principal owners in just eight years.

Scott Paper Company* announces the **GREAT AMERICAN**

THE MEMO GAP

THE MEMO is the bloody battle ground of American Business. More relevant to our times than Applehead or Mother Pie. A Genuine American Institution.

AT THIS MOMENT thousands of businessmen are writing Cop-Out Memos, Watch-Out Memos, Alas and Alack Memos, Why? Memos, Because! Memos, Very Important Memos, (top secret/shh memos), Moment-us Memos.

BUT NOBODY bothers composing the Great American Memo, the fabulous granddaddy supersonic Memo of our era. The Art of the Memo has no tradition, no recognition. It is an art pitifully without critics, classics, or competent imitators.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS now that a good five-cent nickel is out of the question, is a little glory for the Memo. A bit of respect. Some gesture also, please.

THE SOLUTION

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY therefore, lurching to the rescue, proposes The Great American Memo Contest and magnanimously establishes, for the benefit of future generations of Memo Artists, The Great American Memo Hall of Fame (a collection of winning Memos).

THE DETAILS

IN SHORT WE INVITE everyone to write and collect Memos. Classic Memos which may serve as the Hamlets and Mona Lisas and Aides of the Art of the Memo. Winning entries will be installed in The Great American Memo Hall of Fame as a guide and inspiration to aspirant Memo Artists. Outstanding entries will also be reprinted, with credit, in our advertising space.

THE MEANINGFUL RULES AND REGULATIONS

WRITING is encouraged. Scott's First Annual Golden Memo Awards entered three ident plaques with the winning Memo and a silver inscribed certificate, an instant reward, along with which you might qualify for the best Memo for the benefit of future Memo artists. (Honorable Mention Memos will also be reprinted in the Memo Hall of Fame). As many Honorable Mentions will be given as are deserved by the winners of the judges.

TO FACILITATE JUDGING we suggest that each entry be marked in accordance with one of the following categories:

- A. The Explanatory Memo:
including Cop-Out Memos, Why-I'm-Not-to-Blame Memos, New Procedures Memos, Minutes-of-the-Meeting Memos, etc.
- B. The Literary and/or Obscure Memo,
including I-Write-Great-Memos Memos, Intentionally Obscured Memos, Unintelligible Memos, etc.
- C. The Zap Memo,
including Nasty Memos, Why-You-Are-My-Subordinate Memos, Bad-News Memos, We-Regret-to-Report Memos, Why-We-No-Longer-Require-Your-Services Memos, and assorted below-the-belt quickies.
- D. The Humorous Memo and the Idiot Memo:
examples are left to the reader's imagination and/or file cabinet.
- E. Unclassified:

We quite understand that the American Memo is a creature of great variety. In order to allow for unusual entries we provide the Unclassified classification.

WE REALIZE that entrants probably have piles of genuine Memos filed away which may be potential Great American Memos. Because we would rather not be involved in an epidemic of lawsuits, we urge entrants to edit all Memos, real or composed, to exclude references to individuals or companies. Names of persons may be indicated with first names or initials. Employees of Scott Paper Company and its agencies and their families are not eligible to enter. The contest is void where prohibited by the fickle old law.

KINDLY RESIST THE TEMPTATION to ship off entire file cabinets of office correspondence, or to forward all your mail to us.

THE PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITY of the adept Memo-writer is inclusion of all relevant details. We assume that you, as a prospective winner, will remember to include (attached to each Memo entered) your name, address (firm, if you wish), and judging category. Certainly you needn't be a professional Memo-writer to enter, as far as we can discover there are no professional Memo-writers. So far.

MEMO CONTEST

SEND US AS MANY MEMOS as your creativity can produce. Quantity is basic to Memo-writing.

ENTRIES WILL FIND US AT Great American Memo Contest, P.O. Box 638, Rosemount, Minn. 55068. Although we would like to continue this Involuty indefinitely—sooner or later we must stop so everyone can get back to work. Accordingly, entries must be received by June 25, 1969, and postmarked no later than June 16, as the saying goes. All entries automatically become the property of Scott Paper Company and may be used as is our wont.

NAMES OF THE SUPER EXPERT SURPRISE JUDGES remain secret at this point, in order to permit your own Memo style to emerge.

IN A FIT OF CORPORATE WHIMSEY we have invented the world's first Memo Kit, a Helpful

Folder of such creative stimuli as sample Great American Memos and sample sheets of blank paper. These are available from your local Scott Business Paper distributor. Send us a Memo and we'll give you his address by return Memo. Unfortunately this advertisement is so incredibly expensive that we can't afford Memo Kits for everybody. Which means the supply is limited.

THE UNSELFISHNESS OF IT ALL:

ALTHOUGH SCOTT BUSINESS PAPERS are the sole sponsors of the Great American Memo Contest, we do not require that entries be submitted on one of Scott's live line business papers . . . Bond, Duplicate, Mimeo, Offset or new Xerographic Bond. The brand of paper used will not influence the decision of the judges one whit. In other, bigger words, **NO PURCHASE IS REQUIRED.** (Of course, everyone likes Battery.)



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The man with the greatest
name in tennis wears an heirloom on his wrist.



*A watch made from
an authentic \$20 gold coin.
A watch that's completely hand crafted
in Switzerland of 18k gold.
This watch has both the esthetic
and technical qualities
a concerned man looks for.
A man who doesn't think that
one thousand dollars is too
much to pay for a family heirloom.
A man like Pancho Gonzalez.*



CORUM

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SUBSIDIARY OF NORTH AMERICAN WATCH CORP.

Andy Warhol and fly on Braniff. (When



Sonny Liston (you got it-flaunt it.)

We see them a lot, and they always enjoy themselves.
They like our vigor, and they like our verve.
Good. That's why we paint our planes different colors
and make the interiors so plush.
That's why we pick the sharpest girls we can find
and dress them in Pucci's.

And that's why the whole airline harps
on service, service, service.
Make every drink ice cold.
Serve every meal piping hot.
Bring them a magazine. Fling them a pillow.
Get them there on-time. And guess what.
It works. They keep coming back.
They keep asking their Travel Agent:
"Does Braniff fly there too?"
Put me on it."



The fun goes in before the label goes on this bolder, livelier premium beer.

It's all there waiting for you in every glass of Meister Bräu Premium you pour. A bigger, bolder, livelier taste that comes through in a crisp, clean-cut, modern way. We brew it as we brew all our beer: with the finest, most costly grades of ingredients... with more care and patience... and with great pride in our long heritage of brewing fine beers since 1838. This is the beer that's fun to be with. Make your next can or bottle Meister Bräu Premium.



Meister Bräu gives you more
of what you drink beer for.



Meister Bräu Inc., Chicago and Toledo © 1969

The No. 1 family of quality beers.

WIN \$5,000.00 CASH

To enter Columbia Musical Treasures sweepstakes, just fill in coupon below, and we'll phone you if you are the winner. Also tell us whether or not you wish to audition this sensational new 6-record set!

60 Country Greats on 6 Deluxe Stereo Records YOURS TO ENJOY FOR 10 DAYS FREE!



If you decide to keep the set,
it's yours for only **\$14.95**

Imagine being able to enjoy a complete Country Concert whenever you want to! Think of the pleasure of listening to 60 all-time great American songs, performed by 31 of your favorite Country Stars! Now you can thrill to them all—Johnny Cash singing *Folsom Prison Blues*—Tammy Wynette doing *D-I-Y-O-R-C-E*—David Houston swaying he's *Almost Persuaded*—Ray Price telling the story of *Drunny Boy*—and dozens of others! They're all in one great 6-record set: *Great Country Stars—Great Country Favorites*!

Not until you listen to all 12 sides and hear Johnny Cash and June Carter doing *Jackson*—Ray Price bemoaning that he was *Born To Love*—Fleet & Scruggs playing the famous *Peggy Mountain Breakdown*—and Marty Robbins lamenting the *Streets Of Laredo*—can you appreciate how much pleasure you and your family will get for years to come. That's why we'll be happy to mail you the complete 6-record collection for your 10 days' FREE enjoyment.

After you've heard *Great Country Stars—Great Country Favorites*—enjoy the sweet and mournful ballads... the tender love songs—you may return the entire set at our expense—with no further obligation to you! Or you may keep it, to enjoy for years to come, for just \$14.95 (plus postage and handling)—all payable in 3 convenient monthly installments. So act today! (Remember—whether or not you wish to audition this set, you are still eligible for our \$5,000.00 cash prize sweepstakes.)

COLUMBIA MUSICAL TREASURES

Terre Haute, Indiana 47802

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FOR FREE AUDITION AND SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY!

**WIN
\$5000.00**

Nothing to lose, nothing to match. Just use this entry form—or fill in the above sweepstakes information on a blank sheet of paper or on a post card—insert the entry per person. Winner of \$5,000.00 cash prize will be selected from valid entries in random drawings supervised by R. L. Blaw Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decision is final. Sweepstakes open to residents of U.S.A. except employees or agents of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., its advertising agencies, magazines carrying this offer and the R. L. Blaw Corporation and their families. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. The offer void where prohibited by law. Winner will be notified by telephone. All entries must be postmarked by May 31, 1980 and received by June 7, 1980 to be eligible.

COLUMBIA MUSICAL TREASURES 046-6/E337
Terre Haute, Indiana 47802

Please rush me my copy of the 6-record set—*"Great Country Stars—Great Country Favorites"*—I understand that if I am not completely satisfied for any reason whatsoever, I may return the set within 10 days—and owe absolutely nothing! If I decide to keep it, it's mine for only \$14.95, plus postage and handling—which I may pay in three convenient monthly installments.

Name (Please Print) _____ First Name _____ Last Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Telephone _____
☐ FOR EXTRA SAVINGS check here and retain this coupon with payment of \$14.95. We will pay postage and handling. If not delighted, return set within 10 days for full refund.
☐ NO, I do not wish to audition the Country Set at this time. But please enter my name in your \$5,000.00 cash prize drawing anyway.

"Great Country Stars—Great Country Favorites" is not available in stores anywhere.

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Pitney-Bowes introduces You can do it with



Touch Control Postage. your eyes closed.

What we did was to shift the responsibility from your eyes to your fingers. So now your eyes can take a little nap. While they are napping, here is what happens: you go "push-push" (any amount of postage from 1¢ up to \$9.99). Then you place the letter or parcel post tape in position. Kachung! Wake up. Your letter has emerged metered and sealed. Your tape is stamped and ready for the package. It's exactly the right amount of postage, because the meter makes its own stamps (the kind you don't run out of). The postage is accounted for in the meter so you don't have to worry about keeping a record. And there's a little ad for your business right next to the meter stamp. Everything absolutely neat and professional, fast, accurate, refreshingly simple.

The hard part was to invent a totally new kind of postage meter mailing machine for the new kind of businessman—something small but sophisticated, something highly effective, something.

Fantastic! We had it—the Touchmatic Postage Meter! Ten little number buttons. An "R" button for repeating numbers, a "C" button for clearing. A postage capacity of \$9.99. And a price that any professional man or small to medium sized business man could afford.

Looking back on it, all we really did was re-invent the postage meter. And we were the logical candidates, because we invented the postage meter in the first place, 48 years ago.

Have you been missing out on the benefits of metered mail for all that time?

For more information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 3046 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904 or call one of our 180 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Address-Printers, Counters & Inquiries, Folders, Postage Meters, Insetters, Scales, Copiers, Mail-Openers, Collators.



Pitney-Bowes



SCORECARD

NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND

Professional statisticians, except for those who count TV audiences, will argue that you cannot draw far-reaching conclusions from very small samplings. For instance, it is certainly too early to declare that this is a hitter's year simply because in the first week of the season batters who were happy to get two singles a week in 1968 were putting dents in the electronic scoreboards.

Maybe so. But then again, take the New York Mets. You remember the New York Mets; in their seven full seasons in the National League the Mets have produced only four .300 hitters—and their averages were .306, .303, .302 and .300. Yet last Saturday, before their game with the St. Louis Cardinals, the Mets' statistical sheet listed the following batting averages for 1969: Rod Gaspar .412, Ken Boswell .467, Cleon Jones .444, Ron Swoboda .500, Ed Kranepool .429, Duffy Dyer .500, Jerry Grote .385 and Amos Otis .333. You mean to say you don't call that a hitter's year?

To those of you who would be unkind enough to point out that the Cardinals promptly shut out the Mets 1-0—despite those batting averages—we say go find your own trend.

BIGTIME SMALLTIME

When the National Hockey League expanded to the West Coast two years ago, it put franchises in Los Angeles and Oakland in order to establish teams in the two biggest metropolitan areas on the Coast. But attendance figures at this season's playoff games have had fans of the little old Western Hockey League, a minor circuit, asking with ill-concealed glee whether the NHL expanded to the right cities.

The Western League's playoffs began about the same time as the NHL's, and Western officials can't wait to give you comparative attendances for the two leagues in each playoff. In the WHL the first four games between Portland and San Diego drew an average of 8,257

spectators and the first four games between Vancouver and Seattle averaged 7,388. But—no ho—the first four games in the NHL playoff between Los Angeles and Oakland averaged only 6,483.

What, asks the WHL, has Jack Kent Cooke to say about this?

WORDS MAKE ME CROSS

A new word game, possibly derived from the Tom Swifties fad of several years back, is getting a big play in California. Some sporting examples: hockey puckers my mouth, football is a passing fancy, auto racing is a drag, diving is a splash in the pan, polo players horse around, I love tennis but badminton is for the birds, soccer is a kick, sports car racing is a gas, horseback riding is a cinch, discus throwing is fir-flung, skydiving is a keldown, yachting is a fleeting thing. In baseball alone, you find things like home runs are a fourth dimension, base running is a steal, double plays are round-about, strikes are in swing.

Care to cue in and rack up a few?

OTHER GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

The college sports scene has just played another lively game of musical coaching chairs, that ever popular do-si-do in which, as the old song puts it, first he says he will and then he won't. This one began at the University of Kentucky when Basketball Coach Adolph Rupp's longtime assistant, Harry Lancaster, was made the university's athletic director. That led insiders to assume that Joe Hall, a former Kentucky player and Rupp's No. 2 assistant, would move into the head coach spot when the 67-year-old Rupp gets around to retiring. But Hall—apparently unsettled by rumors that Rupp wanted his son, Herky, currently a high school coach, to succeed him—announced April 2 that he was leaving Kentucky to become head coach at St. Louis University. Since Hall had been credited with recruiting virtually all of Rupp's current stars, this was indeed a blow to Rupp

and to Kentucky basketball. Hall signed a five-year contract with St. Louis, supposedly at \$30,000 a year, and even held a press conference.

Seven days later Hall reversed his field, resigned as head coach at St. Louis (after what must be the shortest coaching tenure in basketball history) and declared that he was returning to Kentucky. Apparently Rupp got him back by stating publicly that he would recommend Hall as his successor when he, Adolph, finally steps down after two more seasons.

Rupp is happy. Hall is happy. St. Louis is unhappy. No one really knows how Herky Rupp feels.

But, then, that's the way the contract crumbles.

WHOA THERE, UMPLYBY

There has been an equipment breakthrough in mountaineering, though perhaps "breakthrough" is not the *mot juste* when discussing mountain climbing. A powerful lightweight chrome-molybdenum piton has been produced for several years, but now a couple of men in



Lancashire, England, have come up with something new for rock climbers. John Hartley, a mountaineering lawyer, claims, "It's better than chrome-molybdenum. My partner, Jack Umpleby, found the alloy in the aircraft business. You can hang a horse from our pitons."

Apparently so. Britain's National En-

Continued



From Arrow.

Solid color turtlenecks are easygoing as it is, but when you combine one with the soft-speaking

casualness of a cardigan sweater, that really makes it casual. The cardigan comes in white and 5 other easygoing colors. The turtle-

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And that means washing is easygoing, too.

Arrow

A QUALITY TURTLE NECK & CO. INC.

The cool one,

From Arrow, the ^{white} shirt company

He puts his pants on one leg at a time. How come he earns twice what you do?



The next time anyone tells you that someone else's success in business is all luck, tell him he must have had sour grapes with his morning cornflakes.

It isn't luck that does it. And it isn't who you know.

It's what you know, and how soon you know it, and how you use it.

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of useful business news

One hot humid day

you'll be glad you bought the only central air conditioning with a Spine-fin coil.



This is General Electric's exclusive Spine-fin condensing coil, a major innovation in heat transfer.

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Now aren't you glad you bought GE Central Air Conditioning? If you haven't yet, don't wait. Ask your GE dealer for a free estimate today. He's in the Yellow Pages under Air Conditioning.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



From Arrow.

This is a green that's in solid, the classic button-down. So great for those cooling-off periods, like

hot summers, even warm winters. And another cool feature is the trim tailoring. With short sleeves that aren't too short. Comes in 5

othersolid colors. And the famous blend of 65% Dacron® and 35% cotton means it's cool to wear right from the dryer: there's never the

need for any ironing. Sanitized-Plus? too.

-Arrow-

A DIVISION OF CLAYTON PERRY & CO., INC.

three,

From Arrow, ^{the white shirt company}

Staff irons give you Dynapower—maximum power at the point of impact. And Wilson's exclusive drilled-through hosel puts dead weight to work with a perfect union of shaft and head. The wide oval sole design maintains the club head in a shallow arc which rides through the ball and turf and prevents "digging in".



Staff clubs now have exclusive Wilson Aluminum Alloy shafts that combine lightness with strength. Lightness plus strength permits a faster swing with the same effort, putting more power, more distance in your shots.

Staff Woods feature famous Wilson Strata-Bloc® construction. Layers of premium wood are bonded together, directing the tough end grains against the ball, for extraordinary power.



Each shaft is individually matched to its own club head weight. Each feels the same, swings the same, responds the same. When you swing a Wilson Staff, you're heading for a better game of golf.

Swingers.



Wilson®

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Illinois
A quality company of Long-Teneco-Vought Inc. LTV

(Available only through golf professional shops.)



From Arrow

And last but not least, a bold green for Dads and lads who like plaids. This satin plaid comes in

short sleeves with a Trimway collar that does just what it says, DECTON Perma-Iron that does what it says, too—it never needs

ironing. Also in 5 other colors.

And if none of these are cool enough for you, stop into your favorite Arrow store and see the rest.

There's plenty more "Cool Ones" where these came from.

Arrow
A Division of L. L. Bean & Co., Inc.

four, etc.

From Arrow, the ^{white}white shirt company.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

gingering Laboratory took a Hartley-Umpleby piston less than one-tenth of an inch thick and drove it about three-quarters of an inch into a rock. The piston reportedly withstood 4,200 pounds of pressure.

The only problem now is getting a horse up the side of that mountain.

REAL MEAN

The National Football League Players' Association surveys its members each year to determine, among other things, how salaries range on the various NFL teams. A list, including items like the mean salary for each team and the mean salary in the league for each of the eight general playing positions, is then sent to all the players in the association as a guideline to consult during salary negotiations. There are no figures available for the 1968 season, but here is the Players' Association rundown for 1966 and 1967.

Mean Salaries by Team

Team	1966	1967
Cardinals	\$31,970	\$29,560
Packers	23,147	28,753
Colts	25,413	27,439
Browns	30,486	25,628
Lions	23,114	24,711
Cowboys	17,713	24,650
Bears	19,243	24,231
49ers	22,742	24,138
Giants	21,572	23,765
Vikings	18,533	23,528
Saints	—	23,196
Rams	20,547	22,629
Falcons	16,764	21,978
Steelers	16,758	21,721
Redskins	20,640	20,909
Eagles	20,417	19,145

Mean Salaries by Position

Position	1966	1967
Quarterbacks	\$29,216	\$32,658
Receivers	21,336	26,396
Running Backs	29,494	25,403
Linebackers	19,269	25,082
Def. Linemen	21,096	23,700
Off. Linemen	21,000	22,993
Specialists	16,139	21,362
Def. Backs	18,845	21,233

Statistics like these are devilish things to interpret (why, for instance, should the mean salaries for both the Browns and running backs drop so precipitously between 1966 and 1967 when Jim Brown

continued

SOUPED-UP SUPER 8.



Movie cameras are somewhat like cars. You can settle for a stripped-down model, or you can go for the "loaded" one. The Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera is loaded with features. Just drop in a film cartridge and it's ready and raring to go.

Say you want to pick out a face in the crowd? Put the M9 in "zoom" and power your way in. Want to take in the broad view? Zoom back to wide angle. Want to speed the action, or slow it down? Take your pick of four shooting speeds—all the way from 12 to 32 frames per second! You get the right exposure with the through-the-lens CdS electric eye. And you'll always shoot what you see because you see through the super-sharp *f*/1.8 zoom lens, too. The sports-type finder lets you spot action outside the area you are filming.

The M9 has provisions to take single-frame exposure for animation, and for remote control operation. There is even a built-in battery checker.

See the souped-up Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera at your Kodak dealer's for less than \$230.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M9
movie camera

Kodak



You don't have your father's head.

It's younger than his. So it's different from his.
What's inside of it and what's on top of it.

To control your somewhat larger supply of
hair, you may have developed a liking for a hair
groom that comes in a tube.

Which is the reason for son
of Vitalis.

Son of Vitalis holds your hair
through a full day without getting
sticky or looking phony.

And it's the only greaseless
hair groom that comes in a tube.

Naturally, your father has his
own way of looking at things. And
you have your way of looking at
things. But there's one thing you'll
agree on.

You want to look good.

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The Sweetshot isn't so sweet anymore.

it's an
Animal.



The all new 1969 Sweetshot legit-
imates the tee like an airborne gazelle.
(A new, tighter rubber-wound
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tance.)

It swoos in on greens like a hawk
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accuracy.)

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Go on. Try it. Put in your belt a
couple of notches. Look great with-
out holding your breath.

Mandate support underwear lets
you breathe easy while it slims
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thinnest, most powerful yarn in the
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support underwear that slims

SCORECARD

retired before the 1966 season"). But even
so, it is interesting to note that it costs
at least \$35,000 more in salaries to field
an offensive team than it does to field a
defensive one.

I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS

Jean-Claude Kelly, the superskier, made
an appearance last week at the Wind-
ham Mountain Club in Windham, N.Y.,
where among other things he gave les-
sons to local kids. Kelly said it was the
first time he had ever given ski lessons,
but he got along swimmingly, or snow-
ingly. About the only person he did not
impress was a 4½-year-old girl. When
she had finished her lesson, her mother
focused a camera and said, "Now, hon-
ey, give Mr. Kelly a nice big kiss." The
child, with the matchless aplomb of her
years, said coolly, "I will not." Happily
for Kelly's morale, two teen-age chicks
standing nearby raised their hands
"We'll do it!" they said.

THE PHILOSOPHER HOLZMAN

Red Holzman, the mid-mannered bas-
ketball coach who has had such suc-
cess with the surprising New York
Knicks this year, is in his off-court
moments an expounder of maxims, or
words to live by. Phil Pepe of the
New York Daily News recently reported
a few samples of Red's practical and
perceptive philosophy.

- A broad-beamed bus driver is a good
bus driver.
- Never get your hair cut by a bald-head-
ed barber. He has no respect for your
hair.
- Never talk about money with your wife
at night.
- Never worry about anything you have
no control over.
- Never accidentally raise your hand
when the check is coming.
- And never take medical advice from
a waiter.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Frey, Baltimore Oriole scout, on
the pitchers' underground: "Hitters just
don't watch pitchers enough. If a hitter
would keep a hook on pitchers, on who
threw what and where, he'd rate a pic-
ture and a three-page story in *The Sport-
ing News*. But pitchers do that all the
time and they spread the news. If Max
Alvis singles on a low, outside slider on
the West Coast Tuesday night, they know
it in Boston the next morning." **END**

International Cadet 60—the only riding mower tough enough to do so many jobs



Now here's new proof that the International Cadet 60 is one of the toughest riding mowers built. It's the only one with the strength and power to handle a snow thrower, a front blade, and a utility trailer.

Only a builder of tractors could build a riding mower as tough as this. The sleek styling of the fiber glass body may come as a surprise. But certainly not the muscle underneath.

Over the long haul, you'll see how smart you were to buy tough. The Cadet 60 will work harder, at more jobs, for years longer than most others.

Test-drive the only riding mower tough enough to take on four seasons. Your International dealer is in the Yellow Pages under "Lawn Mowers" or "Tractors."



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Wide 38-inch mower whips through big lawn fast

Instant forward-reverse makes blade work a snap. No shifting!

Sturdy channel steel frame shrugs off the twists and strains of big loads, rough ground

Big 6-hp engine provides plenty of power for the 38-inch snow thrower



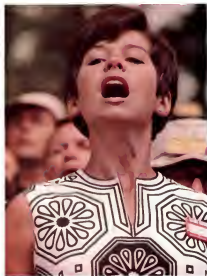


SORRY, BILLY

Grateful George Archer had the Masters' green coat—and the last word—when an anguished leader, Billy Casper, and his pursuers lost their way in the Augusta pines

CONTINUED





AFTER THE OTHERS HAD GONE, GEORGE WAS LEFT

by DAN JENKINS

For three days the Masters enjoyed a great inner peace. Billy Casper and his good friend, the Lord, strolled hand and hand through the valleys and pines of Augusta, stamping out petroleum-based pesticides, gas heating, foam-rubber pillows and assorted savages that offend his allergies. They also played safe a lot on the par-5 holes while half of Georgia made birdies and eagles. But it was tranquil Billy had the Masters pressed between his numbed fingers as a result of this careful, calculating golf, and all of his major adversaries, the Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmers, were lost in the azalea bushes, perhaps looking for a religion of their own. Billy would go out Sunday, one felt, and wander over that beautiful course, smiling and shrugging as always, hit a good chip when he needed it, sink a putt when it was necessary and hum a few of his favorite hymns by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. In a matter of a few more hours the Masters would be in heaven. There was only one thing wrong with all of this, of course. By the time Casper got around to playing some golf, the Lord was something like six down and five to go—and suddenly Augusta, for the third straight year, had another of those mystery men from the PGA tour as its champion.

In the proud tradition of Gay Brewer Jr. and Bob Gualby, who preceded him in 1967 and 1968, George Archer (necrater), white man, 29, Gilroy, Calif., was last week's winner. It was his first major championship, just as it had been for Brewer and Gualby, and he won by baiting down the stretch with a ragtag group of escapees from some distant Citrus Open on the regular professional tour. What ever happened to the Masters we all knew and loved? Only the gurus can tell.

Toward late afternoon on Sunday, here came this astonishing lineup of contenders staggering and stumbling down the stretch. Besides the big, friendly

Archer, who, at 6' 6", must be the tallest winner of a major title since Abraham Lincoln, there were quiet George Knudson, hiding behind his shades, bewildered Charlie Coody and powerful Tom Weiskopf, none of whom had played at Augusta very many times. It was a cluster of relatively young guys who had never been this close to a big one before and didn't quite know how to handle it.

History must note that Archer played one over par on the last five holes for his closing 72 and his winning total of 281. Ordinarily, George's performance on those holes—he shed his tee shot and bladed his second at the 14th and splashed into the water on the 15th—would have been good enough to lose the Masters any old time. And the way Weiskopf played was certainly good enough to lose. Aside from all of the closeup birdie putts he missed, he managed to slice his tee shot on the 17th, bunker his second and miss a short par effort to toss it away.

Perhaps the biggest loser of all, however, was Charlie Coody. A fine golfer who just never seems to win, Coody took total charge of the tournament on the three most dangerous holes. While several in the enormous gallery were asking, "Is a Charles Coody anything like a Spiro Agnew?" the rangy Texan hoisted an iron into the 11th for a birdie, drove another right into the flag on the 12th for a birdie attempt that just curled away, and then put a two-iron over the creek and onto the 13th in two for a 20-foot eagle putt that died at the hole and dropped. He suddenly had gone from five under to eight under and was leading the tournament. A bogey and a birdie got him to 16, still eight under and still leading, but Coody didn't know how to win.

"I really don't feel like I choked," he said later. "I just remember holding a five-iron in my hand on the 16th tee and wishing I could make myself hit a six."

Coody's five-iron hooked into a bunker, and he bogeyed the hole. He then bogeyed the 17th because of a poor chip shot and bogeyed the 18th after his ap-

proach took a bad bounce and ran down an embankment off the green. Thus, he finished with three straight bogeys, and no one behind him, not Archer or Weiskopf or even Casper could play badly enough to let Charlie win after that.

"The shot on 16," said Coody, "was kind of like a shot I hit earlier in the week on 13. You can't hit a good five-iron if you're thinking about a six-iron on your backswing. On 13 the first day of the tournament I hooked a drive into the trees because when I addressed the ball I wanted to fade it. But sometime between the time I took it back and the time I brought it down I decided to try to hook it."

Only the Lord knew what Casper was up to all week. His opening 66 on Thursday was a thing of pure perfection. He simply played the way a man ought to who has won nearly as much money as Arnold Palmer (close to \$1 million) and more tournaments than anyone except Sam Snead, Ben Hogan and Palmer. He took no chances and explained, "Golf is a game of decisions. I try to keep my mind fresh for the decisions and play my own game."

He followed up the 66 with a couple of 71s that were spotty and a little aggravating to the chance-takers, but Casper was all confidence and over the last nine holes of both of those rounds he hit some awfully nifty irons and got the putts down when he needed them to hold the lead. He didn't look tremendously solid, but he didn't look breakable, either. He looked, in fact, like a great player who had stolen a couple of good scores with relatively bad tee-to-green play. And one had to figure that on Sunday Casper was surely poised for a steady round, and only a 66 out of somebody back there in the pack could overtake him.

He started off the day early by going to church, of course, and his vast edge in experience over his younger challengers was displayed to one and all by his manner in the locker room and on the clubhouse terrace before the round began. Billy smiled and joked while the others were deathly quiet and nervous.

continued

Lessons by only a shot were Tom Weiskopf, whose dismay was shared by his wife, and George Knudson, a cool Canadian in shades

Archer said, "Casper has to be the hardest in the world to try to catch. You know he'll be steady. My only hope is that his putts won't drop."

Weiskopf was sky high at the prospect of his great length matched against the others. "I think I can beat 'em on the par-5s," he said.

And, meanwhile, Charlie Coody, who had reason to be the least hopeful of all since he was the least known, said, "I'm not thinking about winning, and I hope I don't start thinking about it. I'm thinking about the first hole, and after that I'll start thinking about the second hole."

Casper winked and said, "I'll just go out there and fire and fall back and see what happens."

He fired like this: scrambled pars through the first three holes, then a three-putt at the 4th for his first bogey. A buried six-iron in the bunker at the 4th for another bogey. A wild slice and a buried iron at the 7th for a bogey. A hurried approach at the 8th, and a bunker

shot that failed to get out for another bogey. A missed green at the 10th, and a poor chip for still another bogey. Five over after 10, working on 77, the tournament he had dominated was now devastatingly out of reach.

One never knows what Casper is really thinking. It has been said that he can't win at Augusta because it's Palmer's town and he wants it too badly. It's been said he can't win the Masters because these aren't his kind of greens, and, moreover, he doesn't have the length. Whatever the reason was for his fraying this one away, Billy clung to his inner peace in defeat.

"I learned a lot of humility on those first 10 holes," he said. "I just got into a series of bad swings and couldn't get out in time. I'm happy I was able to rally [he played three under from the 11th on] and finish second. It's a great honor to finish second here."

While Tom Weiskopf was off being consoled by his pretty wife, Jeanne, for shooting four straight sub-par rounds

and not winning, and while Tom and all of the others were going around saying they had never felt pressure like this before, Casper completed his unique drama of the week by telling everyone, "Life is a continuing experience, and this week is just something more that I have to add to mine."

George Archer had quite an experience, too, and he added \$20,000 to his life. He let Casper know right away that he was still in the tournament Sunday when he birdied the 2nd hole to tie Billy for the lead at eight under. From that point, his round was a series of good shots and spectacular rescue shots when others went astray. He lost that birdie at the 4th, but got it back on the 7th. He lost it again on the 10th, but got it back on the 13th. Then he lost it at the 14th, and could only save what he had from there on. At one point, amid all of the collapses and nonchances around him, Archer held a three-stroke lead on everybody and a four-stroke lead on Casper. It

BRUCE AND HIS BABIES STORM AUGUSTA



Once there was almost Billy Joe Patton and later there was almost Ken Venturi, amateurs both who came close—oh, just about this close—to winning the Masters championship. Last week Bruce Fleisher, a 20-year-old Miami college boy with eyes full of stars and veins full of ice cubes, gave the Masters still another "almost" amateur. He did not really come close to winning, but there will be other days for that. As much with his style as with his swing, Bruce Fleisher almost turned Augusta National—staid, aristocratic, square old Augusta National—into a teen-age sockhop.

It was not his score (69-75-73-83, 100) so much as how he played that made every hole a rock picture and himself the boy idol of Georgia's children, a group that during Masters week was once ruled only by Arnold Palmer and the Easter bunny.

Fleisher came to Augusta as the reigning U.S. amateur champion, a title he won last summer at Scioto while charming galleries with his tee shots and his fringe-bottom pants. After watching his act (minus the fringe) on Thursday, when he was paired with Palmer, the nation's press immediately went into stark shock and acclaimed him as the Joe Namath of golf. Here was Bruce Fleisher, went the early line, a cocky kid who got lucky for a week in August and won himself an invitation to the Masters. So he goes head to head in the first round

was his day most of the way, really.

Archer looks a little like Gomer Pyle and some of his pals on the tour call him that. Nobody calls him cowboy because they know he isn't, even though he lives on a ranch with his wife, Donna, and two daughters. He comes from the public courses around San Francisco and not from any college. He used to caddy for Harvie Ward when Harvie was the best amateur in the country. The green coat they gave him is a 42 extra long, and he says his shoes are made by Chris-Craft and grins. That's George Archer. Say hello, George.

Archer used to have a low hook that was notable on the tour. The ball would just sort of go off the toe of the driver and do something funny. He'd have to chip and putt to earn his keep, and he has a putting stroke that is pretty much the envy of all. He bends low over the putt, and the club in his hand begins to look like a swizzle stick at times, but his touch is glorious. If he isn't in the hole, he's right around it.

If there was one big hole that won the Masters for him, it was the 15th on Sunday. When he hit his second into the pond in front of the green after making the bogey at the 14th, you had every right to expect him to come away with a 6 or maybe even a 7. But he pitched up nicely on the green and somehow got a 10-foot par putt into the cup. That is what the pros call saving shots. For George Archer, it saved a Masters nobody else seemed to want.

With the weather good and the course playing superbly, it was natural for everyone to expect Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player, three of the town's big favorites, to stand right in the grind of things all the way as they nearly always do. There had not been a Masters in 11 years when at least one of them wasn't winning or scoring everybody. Nicklaus certainly got off in a splendid start on Thursday with a four-under 68, and he confided then that he had worked harder and felt better about this tournament than any Masters since

1965 when he shot the 72-hole record of 271.

What Jack then did was unleash a bag of weird iron shots with a swing that saw him stabbing the club into the ground and halting his follow-through just beyond his shoe tops. This produced a second-round 75. When he seemed to get that corrected by Saturday, the putting stroke was gone and the field had passed him by.

Because Gary Player had looked good in a few events leading into Augusta, and because he has a habit of getting up for the major events, he was considered a serious threat. But he couldn't get going. He hung around at even par through 36, but George Archer's putting stroke destroyed him on Saturday when they were paired together. Gary went for 75, with a finishing double bogey, thanks to a three-putt from four feet. He was left in 33rd place with the lament that all golfers have who feel they have struck the ball decently but have been unrewarded.

Making one of the lavish exaggerations for which he has earned some locker-room fame among his contemporaries, Gary told a group of friends on Saturday evening, "I've played 14 shots better than Archer, but he's 209 and I'm 219."

Arnold Palmer left this Masters at the 15th hole on the first day. In more of a struggling fashion than usual, he got there one under par, and he was on the green of that par-5 in two blows with the happy prospect of maybe making an eagle and getting very much into the running, or at least a birdie and going two under. A 70 would have been a fine start. Go, Arnie, go. But Palmer three-putted, missing the birdie from two feet, and it seemed to knock him out cold. He three-putted 17 and 18, posting a sloppy 73, and the second day he barely survived the halfway cut with a 75.

As one spectator in his demoralized Army said, "every shot is sort of a mini-tragedy. It's a real struggle out there. You somehow just know that the shot isn't going to work out quite right." The Army finally had to be satisfied with 27th place.

As a matter of fact, it really wasn't a very good week for anyone. Except, of course, for George Archer. He even signed the correct scorecard. Say thank you, George.

2ND

with the king. "OI Ahno, Ahno Pomma." Bound to go tight in the neck, skull a few and shoot 80, right?

Well, in the face of that pressure, not to mention the tons of Masters tradition that must weigh on a 20-year-old amateur, all Fleisher did on the very first tee was crunch one 30 yards past Ahno, armalaid it past him, mind you, and go on from there to shoot 34-35-69 and beat Palmer by four shots. Not only did he outplay him, he honest-to-god outshined him, too. Arnold Palmer coaxed? Listen, folks. Bruce Fleisher, 6' 3", sandy-haired manchild, will soon put away his Clearasil to become the next Jewish superstar of sport. He is a little bit of Palmer, Namath and Sandy Koufax in one. And if Mrs. Robinson had been walking Augusta on Thursday, Dustin Hoffman wouldn't have had a chance, either.

This word naturally went out after the first day, and screaming, teeny-bopping legions congregated at every hole Bruce passed, watching him swagger, listening to him sing and just plain adoring his way.

What are you singing out there? asked the press. "... coconut milk and brown skin girls," said Bruce.

What kind of guy are you? they asked. "Just a normal American kid," he said.

What kind of student? "A nice one." Why did you go to Miami-Dade Junior College? "Because I'm dumb and the weather is hot."

Fleisher wore a strip of white tape on his wrist ("It looks pretty tough. Don't you think it looks tough?") and tight pants, which he calls "lidos." He also stuck a tee behind his ear and never stopped grinning at all the commotion of girls fighting each other to touch him, get his cup of Coke, his pencil, anything, as he made his way between holes.

The true love-in came at the back of Augusta's lake hole, the 16th, where eight million little girls camped on blankets in a full beach party, all waiting to claim Fleisher as their own. On each of his rounds they waited for the crowd applause to die as the golfers came to the green, then exploded into a cheer of their own. "We've got to call them Bruce's Babies," said Charlie DeLuca, a Miami pro who taught Fleisher much of what he knows about the game. "None of them are over 14."

On Saturday, however, Wendy Scott, Bruce's real-life blonde baby from Miami, showed up in white bellbottoms and broke a few hearts. "They can have him now," she said of her younger competition. "We'll just wait to see who gets him later."

Wendy trudged up the hill toward 18 and stopped. "All I can remember is last year when I followed him in the Open and I was all alone," she said. "Imagine, just me and a few little kids. I don't think it will ever be the same." — CURRY KIRKPATRICK

RED-HOT TUNE FOR THE KINGS

In a swinging Stanley Cup orchestration, former NHL star Red Kelly conducted his Los Angeles youngsters past Oakland to claim the California championship. Next number: the St. Louis Blues **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Last week started off quietly enough in California with a minimum of violence on the playgrounds of the junior high schools, since all the kids were apparently off in the desert trying to pull Palm Springs down, brick by adobe brick. With the school grounds empty it was up to somebody to provide a little mayhem, and the challenge was accepted by the Oakland Seals and the Los Angeles Kings, the eighth and 10th best teams in the National Hockey League. There are those who might suggest they were only contesting the championship of California, these being youthful teams with all the indecision, lack of concentration and misdirected exuberance of youth, but the series was, indeed, part of the playoffs for the treasured Stanley Cup.

Since the previous Sunday night the Kings and the Seals had been tied at two matches apiece in their best-of-seven series. The players and the coaches and the general managers and the owners and the hard core of about 7,000 fans reassembled at the fine new Oakland Coliseum Wednesday night to resume the conflict. The result may be described as a tepid affair. Mike Laughton, one of the better young Seal forwards, scored in the first minute or so. Gary Croteau, a youth who had only recently joined the Kings, evened things up as the first period was waning. Nobody fought. Nobody got penalized for anything. As the game wore on, the Seals scored three more times, while the Kings skated around prettily, assuming a rather degenerate attitude toward the whole affair. Poor Gerry Desjardins, the Kings' pudgy and cheerful goalie, who had been named the rookie of the half year at mid-season by the NHL coaches, was not just deflecting shots, he was fighting for survival. At times he must have thought

the Seals had a Bofors gun as they gathered in front of his goal and whacked pucks in his direction. So the final score was 4-1 and, with the Seals needing only one more victory, everybody took a plane to Los Angeles. "We either win tonight," said one King, "or it's back to the puck and shovel."

Coach Red Kelly had a notion about how he might awaken the enthusiasm of his Kings. Kelly, as any ordained hockey fan knows, was one of the great players of the game for 20 years, 19 of which ended in the cauldron of Stanley Cup playoffs. To arouse his dreamy youngsters, on the blackboard of the locker room he wrote in very large figures \$3,750. "That," he told them, "is the difference between what you will make if you win this series and what you will make if you don't." Without a doubt, that is what inspired the violence that followed.

The Kings skated out that night breathing enough fire to melt the ice. When these two teams meet it is normally a match-up between the slugger and the boxer—Dempsey against Tunney, the U.S. Army against the Viet Cong. The Seals have the firepower, but the Kings have the defense, with big, tough guys like 220-pound Larry Cahoon. Their most effective stratagem is to jar you and bruise you until you are too fagged to get the puck past the jolly rookie, Desjardins.

It was some first period. Each team scored three goals and each team took four two-minute penalties for all varieties of rough stuff. Every few minutes the game came to an abrupt halt as the opponents chose one another, gauntlets were flung to the ice and the Forum resembled a Third Avenue saloon on St. Patrick's Day. Up in the stands, King General Manager Larry Regan observed

the goings-on with some amazement. "It's not what you would call Stanley Cup hockey," he finally observed.

By the second period the boys had settled down to just playing the game, and Bill Flett, the Kings' ornery wingman, scored what turned out to be their fourth and winning goal. In the scoreless third period there was a good deal of crashing of bodies and banging of heads, and the penalty box was rarely unoccupied, but at least the Kings could forget about their pucks and shovels for a few more days.

Afterwards Red Kelly was quite naturally ecstatic. Red is a very sharp dresser, and he stood outside the Kings' locker room in his neatly cut blue suit and pink shirt trying to control the grin that was fighting its way across his face. He had special praise for the opening goal of Ted Irvine, who had been in the doghouse after his performance in Oakland the previous night. He spoke highly of Desjardins and the two men who had just joined the team—Brian Campbell and Croteau. He had praise for his penalty killers, Skip Krake and Jimmy Peters. Then he said a few words about incentive: "No one wants to leave all that money lying around."

Down the hall in the Seals' dressing room, Coach Freddie Glover was in a state of depression that seemed almost manic. Even in victory Glover, who is a darkly intense little man, acts as if he has just received some very bad news from home. In defeat he is inconsolable. "For some reason," he muttered, "we have had this problem all season. We will come up with a hell of a game the way we did last night, and then we just slack off." Glover shook his head. "Maybe it will be better up North. The ice is faster up there."

So it was back to Oakland again on

Sunday night for the game that would irretrievably decide it all. More than 9,000 people—the largest audience of the series—showed up, including a noisy bell-ringing, claque from Los Angeles. Clearly, ice hockey had some West Coast devotees after all.

Having had three days to contemplate the importance of this game, the players were in no mood for chivalry. The moment the puck was dropped for the first face-off they commenced to assault one another. Eleven penalties were handed out before the first period was over, and at one point the Kings had only three players and a goalie against a full complement of Seals. Even so, the Kings survived the period with a 2-1 lead, thanks to goals by Ted Irvine.

After that it was more like hockey. The Seals kept working and shooting, and every now and then the Kings lapsed into that peculiar habit of theirs of letting the Seals assemble in front of their goal, but fortunately Gerry Desjardins was equal to his task. The Seals just couldn't catch up. In the third period Lowell MacDonald, the Kings' pesky little wingman, found the puck lying unwanted in the middle of the rink, so while everyone watched he took it down the ice and flicked it past the Seals' goalie to build a lead of 4-2. A couple of inconsequential goals later the score was 5-3, the final buzzer had sounded and the Kings were piled all over each other in the middle of the ice in one glorious heap—the champions of California.

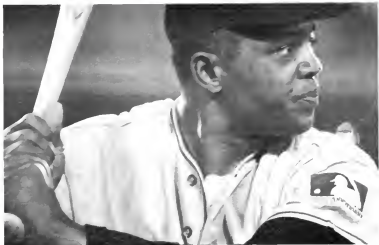
Farther in the week Red Kelly had been trying to describe the frustrations of coaching a group of young men who are just beginning to learn the subtleties of their profession. "Some of them can't skate very well yet," he said. "Some of them can't shoot without taking big long swings with their sticks. Some of them don't know where the other people are. Some of them don't like to go into the corner after the puck with somebody behind them. So you just have to put together a little of this and a little of that and hope maybe you have a complete unit."

For a moment last Sunday night Kelly's frustrations were forgotten. But they seemed likely to return with a jolt in St. Louis early this week as the Kings entered the West final against the Blues, a team superior in all statistics.

END



Behind Kings' bench, Coach Red Kelly enjoys rare moment of pleasure in his uppy-downsy team.



At 37, baseball's greatest practicing slugger is running through his new repertoire—as a latter-day Eddie Stanky—with predictable aplomb. But keep a star performer in a supporting role? Not likely, not for long by ROY BLOUNT JR.

LEADING MAN: WONDROUS WILLIE

Very few leadoff hitters these days confine themselves to cadging walks or brushing up against inside pitches and scratching out nubby little leg hits in order to get on base. Like everyone else, they want to belt the ball into the stands. But only one of them goes after each pitch as though he were going to cold-pole it and then personally chase it out of the stadium. Only one of them has hit more home runs than any other man alive.

Willie Mays, in other words, is not the new Eddie Stanky. Since Giant Manager Clyde King appointed him this spring to the No. 1, or somehow-or-other get-on-first-base, spot in the San Francisco lineup, Mays has not cut down appreciably on the ebullient swing and the lust for a belttable pitch that have characterized him, since 1951, in the No. 3, or bringing-'em-all-home, slot. "I don't think I'm playing any different," Mays said last week after the Giants' Opening Day loss in Atlanta

"After all these years I hope I'm not

Scoring Mays as the leadoff man is something like watching Bill Russell play guard. But who is to say that Russell would not make a good guard if he had to? Indeed, on the evidence so far, who is to say that Mays is not the finest natural inning-opener there ever was?

In the first inning of the opening game of the exhibition season Mays led off, got on base and scored. This was the first of his 15 runs in only 59 spring at bats. In two of the first three regular-season games against the Braves he opened by singling, stealing second base and scoring. And in the fourth game, the opener with the Padres, it was, indirectly, Mays' run that Ron Hunt registered in the first. Mays walked but was forced by Hunt. In the first eight times he led off a regular-season inning, Mays reached base six times. In the first four games he scored five times and hit .353.

If, as is distinctly possible, the experiment ends soon and Mays changes

places in the order with Bobby Bonds, who started the season batting third, it will not be because he has failed to satisfy King's conception of a leadoff man. It will be because the Giants need more than an early run to win, or because a proud, slowly aging and superb alltime power hitter feels miscast and does not want to do without his runs halted in.

Still, King thought the experiment had to be tried, and if the sight of Mays coming to the plate first seemed incongruous, it was no more so to old Giant watchers than seeing King, rather than Herman Franks, managing the team. Franks' standard public-relations statement was, "That is a stupid question." Generally it was spoken through a juicy chew of tobacco. King, who has spent 25 years pitching relief for the Dodgers, coaching for the Reds, Cardinals and Pirates and managing 10 minor league teams with conspicuous success, is easy to like and to talk to.

In Atlanta last week he was noticeably

attended by a handsome family and more than 200 friends from back home in Goldsboro, N.C., and one would be excused for guessing that he was an admired Sunday school superintendent. This is not to say that King is too nice a guy to finish first. For one thing, one does not get to be an admired Sunday school superintendent by being too nice. For another, what King's charges may need is to be taught the parable of the talents.

The Giants have been the most consistently gifted team in baseball since they moved to San Francisco in 1958. Their press book shows them to be leading the league in the composite 1958-68 standings by 24½ games. What the press book fails to mention is that in that 11-year period they have finished in first place only once, seven years ago. And in 1968 they did not get the kind of return on their hitting and pitching that they should have. Last year, the year-of-the-you-know-what, the Giants had the solidest pitching staff in the majors but they won 27 and lost 29 of their pitching duels while the Cardinals won 41 and lost 26 such games. The difference about accounts for the nine games by which St. Louis claimed the pennant.

No team is likely to win the low-scoring close ones if, as the Giants did last season, it fails to take advantage of such economical devices as bunting, clever base running and the hit-and-run. Now the pitchers' duel to end them all—or at least to make one wish they all would end—was last year's All-Star Game. In that contest, as before, Mays was the National League's leadoff man. In the first inning he beat out a little single, went to second when Luis Tiant tried to pick him off, took third on Tiant's wild pitch and scored on a double-play ball. That was the only run of the day, and Mays was named Most Valuable Player.

It was an odd way for a 37-year-old big bat to win a ball game, but Mays is a uniquely mobile slugger. His first theft against the Braves last week made him the first man with 300 or more home runs (now 588, to be exact—more than anybody but Babe Ruth) to steal 300 bases.

Mays is not as fast as when he was stealing 30 bases a year, but he is still a long way from being slow and he still has the daring and the instincts to take wonderful chances and the reputation that makes them work against unnerfed

continued



Striding out in his old familiar style, Mays lashes at a pitch in a game against the Braves.



As former teammate Orlando Cepeda guards first, Mays scampers off to steal second base.



A step slower? He makes it in a swirl of dust. One grudging bow to age: his cap stays on.

Less dramatic, perhaps, but Mays returns to the bench with a run, just as if he had homered.



fielders. In San Diego, for instance, he was safe at first on a routine soft grounder when the Padres' third baseman rushed his throw and pulled the first baseman off the bag. Then, when Hunt also grounded weakly to third, Mays took second and audaciously kept on going, scoring easily on the wild throw he drew.

In that game Mays also homered and hit a long double off the Padres' over-resilient outfield wall, which tends to send line drives rifling back toward the infield. But that was against expansion-team pitching. Last year exactly two-thirds of his hits—a greater share than ever before—were singles. Perhaps that was a sign of the times. More likely it was a sign that Mays is not the overpowering extra-base hitter he once was. Of his 23 home runs in 1968, 15 came with nobody on base—when pitchers were being less careful with him. Leading off gives him fewer men to drive in, but—since it will bring him up to bat more often—more opportunities to hit solo homers.

"Our pitching is going to be good," says King. "If we can score a run in the first inning we ought to be able to hold the lead and the other team will have to catch up." Hunt, who led off most of last year, got on base more often than any other Giant. But, once there, he did not advance very fluently, because he is not swift. It was Mays who led the team, as usual, in runs scored.

"I consider Hunt one of the best bat-control men in the league," says King, explaining Hunt's switch to the second spot. "He's the best in the business at protecting the runner." That means that Hunt, though not as adept at plopping out brief base hits as, say, Matty Alou, can be relied upon for either a base hit to right, which should advance a hit-and-runner two bases, or a ground ball away from second base, which should advance him one, or a foul, which will save him from being gunned down by the catcher. But Mays is so good at going from first to third that Hunt need not force an inside pitch into right field; he can pull it naturally to left and Mays can still get into third. And whenever the count is 3 and 2 to Hunt, Mays can go with the pitch, because Hunt strikes out so seldom.

King likes his hit-and-run so much that he is trying to set up a second combination at the other end of the batting

order, with fast young Third Baseman Bobby Etheridge in front of Hal Lanier, another good man at controlling the bat. If Lanier fails to move Etheridge, the pitcher will be expected to advance him, King says. "I hired a special batting-practice pitcher to throw to our pitchers this spring. The first time in the history of the game. Last year the whole staff got five extra-base hits. They ought to be getting that many apiece."

So Juan Marchal and Gaylord Perry will be cracking out doubles, maybe, and Willie Mays will be hitting in a spot generally associated with Stanky, Phil Rizzuto, Richie Ashburn, Eddie Yost, Harvey Kuenn and PeeWee Reese. It all sounds topsy-turvy, but then it is possible that the day of the old-fashioned leadoff man who hit for a respectable average by means of cunning and speed is obsolete.

"The way pitchers are now," says Atlanta's Felipe Alou, "you got to be aggressive. You can't wait around and let the umpire maybe take your bat away from you."

Felipe, Matty and Jesus Alou, the brothers from the Dominican Republic who once played in the Giants' outfield together, now lead off for three different teams. By traditional standards, Felipe is almost as unusual a No. 1 batter as Mays. A power hitter who almost never walks, he had hit fourth or fifth for the Giants before Bobby Bragan moved him up with the Braves. Like Mays, he prefers to go after the first pitch, and is even noted for striking at bad balls. Alou may be speaking only for himself when he says that a good hitter cannot depend on cuteness anymore, but the fact remains that among the notable leadoff men today, Maury Wills is about the only one who can be said to belong to the old school. Most of them—Reggie Smith, Lou Brock, Dick McAuliffe, Jose Cardenal—come up looking for something to hit, and can hit it for considerable distances. Certainly Pete Rose, for all his celebrated allegiance to the single, is an assertive batter, not a finagler. "A leadoff man has to do two things," says the present Atlanta manager, Luman Harris. "Get on base and run the bases. It doesn't matter how he gets on."

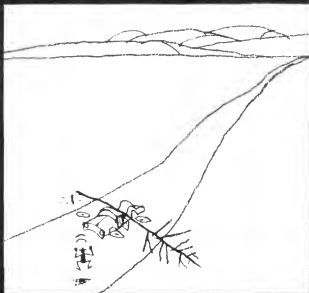
Well and good. But to conserve offensive oomph, singles and walks and other small change should be bunched

in front of home runs and doubles, not behind. It is the player who comes along with those big hits and scores the men ahead of him who is going to feel the most potent and earn the most pay. And if the Giants' pitchers continue to do as poorly as they did against the Braves, giving up 19 runs in losing three straight, then getting the one run early will not be so important. And if Bonds and Jim Ray Hart do not start taking up the slugging slack from Mays, he will have to go back to driving in runs.

There is no doubt that Willie would gladly bat third again, although he does not say that in so many words. Since King consulted him about the change and he agreed to it, Mays has not been about to go around complaining. "But," King says, "I'm sure he would rather hit third. I told him that if at any time he thought it was bothering his hitting or changing his batting style, we'll change back right away."

"I don't think it's going to last very long," says Felipe Alou. "Not the kind of hitter Willie is. I'm no Willie Mays, and I've gotten used to leading off, but it still bothers me some times. It's tiring. You get up more and you get tired than any other hitter. To have a good year, you've got to get two hits every night. And you're hitting behind the pitcher. You hit a ground ball on the grass that should be a hit, and the pitcher is forced at second. Or you hit a twener that ought to give you an RBI, and the pitcher holds up at third. Or the pitcher makes the second out. He's on his way back to the dugout and you can't hit the first pitch because you've got to give him a chance to rest."

Mays is not the kind of player who steps up and flails away at the ball without regard to what the situation requires. He is the team captain and seems to feel responsible for the score. Last year, as usual, he led the Giants in game-winning hits. "There's no way I'm going to drive in much more than 50 runs this year," he said pointedly the other day. "That's where ball games are won, RBIs, in the late innings. . . ." Then his voice trailed off. The time-honored truism contradicted his newly assigned mission. That is the puzzle. If Willie Mays remains leadoff man he might make everybody forget Eddie Stanky—and even RBIs. But how many big runs might he have produced in the No. 3 spot? If only he could bat in both places. **END**



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PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANE ARBUS



If Roy Mark Hofheinz operated anywhere but in the state of Texas, he would stick out like a sore thumb. In Texas he sticks out like a sore pinkie. Even so, he is without doubt the most inventive, imaginative and successful entrepreneur in the world, and he is the first to admit it.

Hofheinz is best known as the owner of the Astrodome, which he isn't. He has the use of it for a lot less than it would cost him to own it. When he was a kid he didn't have enough money to go to the circus. He now owns a half interest in Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey. He always wanted to be a baseball player, but he was handicapped by three shortcomings. "I couldn't run, hit or throw," he says. He now owns the Houston Astros, which don't do much better.

Hofheinz also owns four hotels and Astroworld, which is modeled after Disneyland and features an artificial mountain named Der Hofheinzberg. In the near future he will own five more hotels, a bigger and better Astroworld and, hopefully, an NHL club. Hofheinz's empire, or Astrodome, is built on a swamp on the outskirts of Houston, which, not many years ago, was graced only by a straggling mesquite tree. This grew on what is now the 50-yard line of the Astrodome, which rises out of the south Texas prairie much as Hofheinz's belly swells from his body.

It is not true, as some Houstonians would have you believe, that Hofheinz asked the architects of the Astrodome to model it on the general outline of his majestic abdomen, although it has been estimated that the costs of building the Dome and Hofheinz's belly are not too far apart. It is a fact, however, that Hofheinz's waistline matches his age, which is 57. Hofheinz says he eats "anything that won't bite me back," and his poison is diet Dr Pepper and Jack Daniel's.

continued

which somehow bulls him into the belief that he is dieting.

Indeed, cost may preclude the construction of any more enclosed stadiums, if not ample stomachs. The Judge, as Hofheinz is known in Houston, believes that the Astrodome may be the first and last of its kind, like the Crystal Palace. "This one," he says, "was built for \$31 million. Costs have gone up since then. I don't think you could duplicate it for \$80 million and no structure costing \$80 million is economically feasible. You hear about people in Montreal and Milwaukee and New Orleans who say they are going to build something like the Astrodome, but when they get the figures they change their minds."

Indeed they do. And if the Judge had had to foot the bill for the Astrodome, it is doubtful that it would have been built, either. The Astrodome was built by the taxpayers of Harris County, who, 25 years before, had elected Hofheinz county judge at the tender age of 24 and, later, mayor of Houston. To his credit, Hofheinz retired from the bench with only \$18 in his pocket. At the time he had far more enemies than dollars, and that situation has changed only because he now has \$20 million dollars.

Not long ago, sitting in his office on the 7½ level of the Astrodome, Hofheinz looked back on his climb up. "I was the youngest man ever elected to be judge," he said. He was smoking a cigar that has often been described as being a foot long but actually measures seven inches. His brand is Sans Souci ("Whatever that means in French"). Perfectos, and he goes through a box of 25 a day. "Don't say 'smoke,'" he says. "'Consume' is the word. I chew a lot of them and give some away. When you are a young man on the way up," he continued, "everyone wants to give you a hand. He's a promising young man with a future," they say, happy because you're poor and beneath them. Once you make it, they change their attitude. When you get old and rich the same ones who wanted to help say, 'He's a snobbish old son of a bitch.' I've been on both sides of the fence and I guess it doesn't make much difference. I'm no different now than I was then."

Of course, he is different. When he was a young politician he was rather more of an idealist and, as one result, he is well-regarded by the Negro population of Houston.

As county judge he integrated the Harris County golf courses and buses. "It was ridiculous," he says. "Negroes paid taxes for the golf courses and couldn't play on them. I did it without saying I was going to and we had no trouble." As mayor he had colored and white painted out on the City Hall rest room signs and no one noticed it for months. He integrated the public libraries without fanfare, too, calling in the white and black press and asking them not to print it. The libraries had been integrated for some time before there was any protest. Then a white, socially prominent female paid Hofheinz a visit.

"I won't let my children sit by black children in the library," she said. "I don't know what they would catch!"

"Maybe tolerance," said the Judge.

In 1961 Hofheinz bought the Houston Buffs, a minor league baseball team, and the first thing he did was to have all the colored and white signs taken down. "At that time, no Negroes were allowed in the grandstands," he says. "I called in the newspapers and told them the same thing I had as mayor—no publicity. We'll do it without any fanfare. My policy then and now is an all-green policy. If you've got the green you can buy a seat wherever you want to sit, whether you're white, black or polka-dotted. Only two season tickets were canceled. There were no phone calls, no protests, because no one knew what was happening."

Hofheinz's all-green philosophy is a consequence of a no-green youth. When he was 15 his father was killed in an accident while driving a laundry truck. To support his mother, Hofheinz sold papers and booked dance bands and got his law degree at 19.

Hofheinz's youthful idealism extended beyond racial matters. One of his first acts as mayor was to fire the city treasurer, who had thoughtfully moved some buildings from city-purchased land to his own at city expense. To fill the job, Hofheinz called in an old friend, Bill Sherrill.

"Sherrill," he said, "I want you to be the city treasurer."

"I don't know anything about that," Sherrill said. "How can I be treasurer?"

"You're honest," Hofheinz said. "You can learn the rest."

"I'll have to think about that for a

while," Sherrill told him. "How soon do you have to have my answer?"

"In 30 minutes," Hofheinz told him. "I called my wife," Sherrill recalls. "When I told her what he wanted me to do, she began to cry. But I was the city treasurer."

Against the wishes of his councilmen, Hofheinz initiated a vast building program for Houston, which led to the council trying to impeach him. Hofheinz issued a bench warrant for the arrest of councilmen who refused to attend a meeting he had called; in reprisal the councilmen locked him out of City Hall while they drew up the indictment.

"That," said Hofheinz, "was like the penitentiary inmates trying to oust the warden."

When, in 1954, he ran for a second term as mayor, the machine was out to defeat him, but Hofheinz enlisted the support of Bob Smith, a silver-haired, superconservative Texan who is worth about \$200 million. Hofheinz beat the machine and was elected, but he had incurred the enemy of too many Houston politicians, and when the Houston newspapers deserted him in 1955 on account of "childish behavior," he was ousted in a special election.

"I won't get into politics again until I've made a million dollars," Hofheinz said when he retired as a judge in 1944, and in the next eight years, in oil, radio stations and slag, he made more than that. When he was ousted as mayor he was still a millionaire, but his biggest asset was his friendship with Smith. In 1960 Houston wanted a major league baseball club. Smith wanted Houston to have one and he formed the Houston Sports Association to get it.

"They asked me to come in finally," says Hofheinz, "but I went in on the understanding that I would run the show. They could be on the surface running press meetings and talking to the public and I would be in the basement making deals. I decided that the only way to sell Houston as a major league city was to come up with a stadium that would lure the baseball people."

The idea for the Astrodome professedly came to Hofheinz when he and his first wife, Irene, who died 2½ years ago, were in Rome on a visit. "Mama and I were standing there looking at the Colosseum," he says. "It was a large, round facility and most of the stadiums in the United States had been built to con-

continued

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form to the shape of the playing fields. Rectangular. I studied the history of the Colosseum and I found out that on hot days they used to have the slaves pull a cover over the top made out of papyrus or whatever they used in those days. I guess they didn't want to spoil the lions' appetite with too much heat. And I found out, too, that the emperor and the bigwigs all sat at the top of the stadium. Standing there, thinking back on those days, I figured that a round facility with a cover was what we needed in the United States and that Houston would be the perfect spot for it."

Hofheinz and Smith bought 497 acres of swampland from the owners of the Shamrock Hilton Hotel and sold 254 acres to Harris County for the site of the Astrodome. The Dome itself was built on two bond issues, one for \$22 million, another for \$9 million. The wealthy Houstonians were for it—an enclosed stadium would bring in more wealth. But it was felt that the poorer Houstonians wouldn't back the plan.

"The voting on the bond issue brought together the silk-stocking voters and the colored people for the first time," says Hofheinz. "The black people have a long memory." Indeed, they heavily supported the bond issue.

Hofheinz and Smith were left with a nice piece of property, which skyrocketed in value. The State Highway Department speeded construction on Route 90, which passed by the site, and the land became even more valuable. The National League gave Houston a franchise and the land became more valuable still.

But Smith and Hofheinz broke up. The Judge is a man who prefers to do things his own way and right away. He doesn't confer, even with someone as powerful as Smith. "Bob is a conservative man," Hofheinz explains. "I had to do things without telling him and then confront him with them. Like the scoreboard, for instance. I decided to have that built—it cost a couple of million—but I knew if I went to him for approval he would take forever to make up his mind. So I had it done and then told him about it. He said it would never work and we wouldn't get our money out of it. I put in the high-level boxes and suites without telling him. All these things led to the breakup."

When Smith had his fill of Hofheinz's high-handed methods, he made what he must have thought was an impossible

demand on the Judge. At this time Hofheinz and Smith were joint-owners of 98% of the Houston Sports Association, lessee of the Astrodome (at \$750,000 per annum) and owner of the Houston Astros.

"Buy me out for \$7.5 million," said Smith. "Or I'll buy you out."

Much to Smith's surprise, Hofheinz got up the \$7.5 million. The flabbergasted Smith had second thoughts so the Judge let him have 10% outright. Said Smith, "Roy has no friendly relationships. He's an autocrat."

"Old Bob was just upset, I guess," the Judge allows. "Hell, we still own some things together."

Among Hofheinz's tenants is Bud Adams, who owns the Houston Oilers, although when he first applied for a lease Hofheinz, then hopeful of getting an NFL franchise for himself, demanded exorbitant rent. Hofheinz is fond of quoting Evangelist Billy Graham to the effect that the Dome is the Eighth Wonder of the World. Adams, after hearing the Judge's terms, said, "If the Astrodome is the Eighth Wonder of the World, the Judge's price for a lease is the ninth."

When the NFL made it clear that it didn't welcome baseball owners, Adams found the terms for the Astrodome more in line. Not that the Judge is that excited about professional football as a tenant. "Pro football is spoiled," he says. "I don't know of a single case where a pro football club owns its own facilities and almost none is the prime tenant in a stadium. It's a great piggypack sport and it's appropriate that it's played with a pigskin. But if anything ever happened to baseball, pro football couldn't generate the income to keep the parks open. Hell, if I took all of Bud Adams' pro football income, I couldn't pay the operating expenses here."

Since, according to the Judge, the Astrodome's operating expenses run to some \$4 million per year, it takes more than the Oilers and the Astros to make the nut. "If I depended on baseball alone," Hofheinz says, "it would take an attendance of a million and a half, a million six, to break even. Practically every other club in major league baseball can break even on 800,000 or 900,000. But here the whole process is a regenerative one. With no baseball there would be no stadium and without the stadium there would be no Astroworld [a 12,000-seat arena next to the Dome] and

no Astroworld. Without the Astroworld there would be nothing for kids in the complex. Without the hotels we'd have no room for the families who come here with their kids for their vacations and go to see the baseball games. I don't see this as a contest between pro football and baseball. There must be a continuity of sports across the board, not a contest for the public dollar. There's plenty of room for all sports."

Hofheinz owns the Houston Apollos, a minor league hockey team, and owned a soccer team until the league folded. Although almost every kind of act has played the Dome, Hofheinz is still rankled by the fact that he couldn't persuade the Democrats and Republicans to hold their conventions there. He even had a special Presidential Suite built into the structure, complete with a hot line to the White House, hoping that Lyndon Johnson would occupy it. Johnson is a longtime friend, Hofheinz having run two of his senatorial campaigns, one in 1941 when Johnson lost, and the second in 1948 when he won.

"We get along fine," the Judge says. "But he was the first to know that the Democrats lost the election because he decided for political reasons to hold the convention in Chicago instead of here. You know what happened in Chicago. He made a political judgment because he was worried about the Middle West. And he didn't think we could fill the Astrodome. Hell, we filled it for a rally for Hubert Humphrey and Humphrey carried Texas because of it."

It is Hofheinz's ambition to make out of his Astrodome an entertainment complex so complete that a family can move into one of his hotels and spend a month without leaving the grounds and have something exciting to do every day. To that end, he purchased his half interest in the circus two years ago and he plans to put it in the Astroworld for three months every summer.

"When I was a kid the circus was the only free show in town," he says. "The circus parade, I mean, I could go down to the midway and wander around looking at the sideshows from the outside, too. I remember when I started working and made enough money to take my mother out, the place I took her was the circus."

Hofheinz didn't buy the circus out of sentiment, although he has long been a circus buff and much of the decoration

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in the Astrodome, his hotels and his former home in Houston has a circus motif. There is even a mural at the latter depicting the Hofheinz family on the flying trapeze.

The Judge closed the deal for the circus in typically flamboyant style. John Ringling North lives in Rome and Hofheinz and the Feld brothers, who bought the other 50%, flew there in secrecy, taking along a photographer who had no idea why he was going to Italy. Upon their arrival, the Judge rented a lion cub for \$80 an hour, then repaired to the Colosseum, where North awaited him.

The transfer of the circus took place there, with only one small contretemps to mar the proceedings. When it came time for the actual signing, a couple of the Judge's aides tried to move a large, flat building stone into a more convenient position, only to be stopped by indignant guards. It seems it had been laid some 2,000 years before by Vespasian.

More recently, Hofheinz was thwarted when he blustered that he would take legal action to nullify Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's decision in the Donn Clendenon-Jesus Alou-Rusty Staub trade, in which the Astros' Staub went to Montreal for Alou and Clendenon. When Clendenon announced he was retiring from baseball (he subsequently changed his mind), Hofheinz said the deal was off. Kuhn ruled otherwise, adding that Houston would be compensated for Clendenon. Blarney Hofheinz, who called the commissioner Blewe Kuhn because he contended he "blew one." In less than six weeks Kuhn has done more to destroy baseball than all its enemies in 100 years." Five days later Hofheinz apologized in a statement worthy of Mr. Micawber: "It was neither my intention nor my desire to affront the commissioner. I did not intend to challenge your personal integrity and honesty, or to impugn your motives. If any contrary inference were possible, you have my apologies. In short, I only disagreed with your decision."

One of Hofheinz's assets as an entrepreneur is his ability to project profits in endeavors others consider too risky. The huge, gaudy and greatly maligned Astrodome scoreboard is a good example. The Judge feels that no one really objects to the length of baseball games. "Maybe the sportswriters," he concedes. "When they're on the road they want to get through and get out on the town

while the bars are still open, so they're conscious of how long a game takes. But the average fan, he couldn't care less, especially if he's comfortable. And we make sure he's comfortable in the Astrodome. He has an upholstered seat, he has good hot dogs at a reasonable price or a good restaurant to eat in and he has the scoreboard to entertain him between plays. I never yet heard one complain about how long a game lasted. He's being entertained in air-conditioned comfort, and if the game goes into extra innings he's getting that much more for his dollar and getting something to talk about the next day, too."

The scoreboard is paying off its \$2 million cost in a hurry. The Gulf Oil Corporation forked over \$1 million for the right to display a pair of gigantic shields and individual advertisers buy time for electronic messages for \$18,000 a year.

Hofheinz treasures the criticism that the irreverent scoreboard cartoons and messages engender. "The more publicity it gets, good, bad or indifferent," he says, "the more people are aware of it and the bigger drawing card it is."

The Dome itself draws customers. The feeling is that a sports event in the Dome draws 10% to 20% more fans than it would in any other stadium simply because most tourists want to say they've been in the Dome. Last year 493,296 people paid a buck a head to tour the Dome when *nothing* was going on.

"I figure at most events 50% come for the stadium and 50% for the sport," Hofheinz says. "When people come here for a vacation or for a convention, the one thing they have to see is the Astrodome. That's what their neighbors are going to ask them about when they get home."

The Judge concerns himself with the gustatory welfare of his customers, too. His contract with his concessionaires can be canceled on short notice, in case the hot dogs should come up wrinkled or the hamburgers too greasy. From his office acie Hofheinz keeps an eagle eye on the vendors. "If I see one sitting down watching the game," he says, "or if I see a section with no vendors I call down and raise hell."

Hofheinz has, of course, experimented with any number of sports. "If you have this kind of hall, you would be dead with only baseball dates," he points out.

"We have baseball 85 days a year, 10 days of pro football and six or seven days of college football. The rodeo lasts 15 days. Auto races run two days, motorcycles two, basketball two. Then we have fights, bullfights, polo, track. Last year we had about 130 dates in the Astrodome and four million people paid their way in to see the events, and that doesn't include the political rally for Humphrey or the daily tours."

The Astrodome grossed a reported \$15 million in 1967, but there is lots more to be made. The Judge would like to put his Apollos in the Dome, with an eye to getting an NHL club. "Houston isn't a minor league city," he says.

Hofheinz has also scheduled four games between predominantly Negro colleges for the coming season. "Last year Grambling played Texas Southern in the Astrodome the same night Rice played Texas Tech at Rice Stadium," he says. "We had 35,465 people. Rice announced 20,000 but I hear they really had only 12,000. The crowd at the Grambling-TSU game ate more per capita than any crowd we ever had, and they were the cleanest. I'd like to get the Negro national championship game."

All the attractions in the Astrodome contribute to the success of Astroworld. "It's the only major amusement park in the world put up by one family, with no stock promotion, no other person's money, no government ownership," says Hofheinz. It cost \$18 million and has some attractions Disneyland doesn't, such as outdoor air conditioning. Gentle puffs of cooled air issue from vents located on the poles supporting the sunshades in the outdoor restaurants.

The Judge wants to expand Astroworld from its 57 acres to 116 and include industrial and international exhibits. He would also like to enlarge the hotel complex to a 1,500-room, 6,000-guest facility and build two theaters, one for films, one for plays. "Many people resist change, are afraid to move," he says. "You have to grow. Take baseball, for instance. You've got to understand why most baseball owners resist change. The clubs are owned by people not in day-to-day contact with the hour-to-hour operation. The owners, for the most part, are successful in another business but they know little about baseball and depend for advice on recommendations from the ranks. And the philosophy in the ranks goes right back to

continued

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As he talked, the Judge sipped coffee, ignoring the blatting of motorcycles tuning up for a race 7½ stories below.

"We've been innovators," he said. "In the field, in the scoreboard, in a facility that can be converted from one sport to another quickly. You might say we made an all-purpose dishwasher so that you can wash all the sports dishes in one place."

On April 10, his birthday, Hofheinz married his 40-year-old secretary, Mary Frances Gougenheim. They had a one-day honeymoon in the Astroworld Hotel before moving into the Judge's suite in the Dome, which is equipped with a bowling alley, a shooting range, a barbershop and a bar with stools that can be raised or lowered by remote control, for comic effect. There is even an interfaith chapel with a small window in which the religious symbols of the five major religions can be changed by pushing a button.

"I like to fish and hunt, but I don't have time anymore," the Judge said, lighting a Sans Souci. "I got a hunting camp I never go to. I want to get all of this finished by 1975. I don't expect to die by then, but your energies taper off. This isn't an eight-hour-a-day business. Whatever fires you got to put out, you got to have the hoseman to get there in a hurry. So I have to get it done while I still have the drive."

The Judge has three children, but none is active in the business, although all share ownership of Astroworld with him as well as 50% of the whole complex. Roy Jr. is a professor of East Asian studies at Harvard, Fred, another son, is in the land-development business, and Hofheinz's son-in-law Scott Mann has started a computer software company.

"We're putting in our own computer system for baseball," the Judge said, watching the motorcyclists circle the dirt track far below. "You have to keep up. You got to keep moving." **END**

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AUTHOR MACDONALD is shown against a sea of heading oil that is being sprayed with absorbent cotton particles.

LIFE WITH THE BLOB



A noted crime novelist, author *Harper* and Santa Barbara resident assesses somberly, if not dispassionately, his troubled days with the great offshore oil slick and reflects that the damage done was not merely to the community's wildlife and beaches—which may in time recover—but to the human spirit **by ROSS MACDONALD**

The blob five miles offshore had been growing for 24 hours before Santa Barbara, Calif. knew about it. Then, on Wednesday morning, an oil worker called the city editor of the *News-Press*. He said the new well being drilled on Union's Platform A had blown out the day before and was still blowing.

Tom Cleveland, a gray-haired columnist who acts as a local ombudsman, went out in a workboat to look at it. A thick surge of crude oil smothered the sea around the platform. Oil and large gas bubbles were coming up in at least five places, lifting the surface of the water two feet. "It looked like a big yellow boil bursting with pus," Tom told me later.

Our evening paper confirmed the disaster. Margaret and I went out on the patio and looked across the channel to the islands, 25 miles offshore. The soft blue scene seemed intact. But there was a difference in the light—or in our vi-

sion of it—now that we knew it was threatened and perishable.

Though we couldn't see the oil platforms through the narrow mouth of our canyon, we had been steadily aware of them. Their coming over the past year had brought a sense of impending change to Santa Barbara, to our beaches and our sea and our eggshell-fragile way of life. Offshore in the quiet evening the change was taking place, and there was nothing we could do about it.

"This could be another *Torrey Canyon*, couldn't it? How many seabirds did that kill?"

I turned my wife's questions aside. "A ruptured oil well isn't the same as a wrecked tanker. They may get it capped right away." I had just read in the paper that Union Oil's regional vice-president, John Fraser, had assured city officials that the spill should be under control or completely stopped within 24 hours.

The oil was still running uncontrolled

on Saturday. Margaret and I went to a protest rally at East Beach, instigated by a group who called themselves GOO (Get Oil Out). One of their leaders, former State Senator Al Weingard, made a disarming speech.

Several years before, he had flown over the channel and the islands with Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall. Both men were interested in creating a Channel Islands National Park. Weingard had asked Udall for assurances against oil pollution. "No oil leases will be granted," the Secretary had promised, "except under conditions that will protect your environment."

But in spite of this assurance, the oil rigs had gathered offshore like a slow invasion fleet. The oil pumping had begun—and now it continued, even though the ocean floor had been hemorrhaging for four days. One mile of our beaches to the south had already been flooded with the black tarry stuff.

continued

East Beach was still untouched. Sandlings ran in close groups like shimmering gravel. Black cormorants flew low over the untainted white surf. But Margaret and I were living in suspense. Our region is a natural bird sanctuary surpassed by no more than four or five other places in the country. Scientists at the University of California's Santa Barbara campus were already predicting heavy losses. Biologist John Cushing was particularly concerned about the seabirds, which swallowed oil as they preened themselves and were often poisoned by it.

We didn't know how much oil was out there. Union Oil's estimates of the spillage were quite low. Its initially quoted estimate (subsequently denied) of 5,000 barrels a day was later down to 500 barrels a day. But according to Alan A. Allen, a scientist with the General Research Corp. who regularly flew over the spill, at least 20,000 barrels of oil were floating just offshore.

On Sunday the wind rose. It blew seaward and kept the oil off our beaches, lulling all of us with foolish hope. The new Secretary of the Interior, Walter Hickel, came out from Washington on Sunday, and after a flight over the channel asked the oil companies to stop drilling voluntarily. But within 24 hours Hickel gave the companies permission to resume operation.

By 5 o'clock of that same afternoon the oil was coming in on our public beaches. It lay so thick on the water that the waves were unformed, they made a squishing sound. The next morning the harbor was full of oil. Fishermen and yachtsmen stood around, looking at the black water and the blackened hulls of their boats.

Toward evening I paid a visit to the shore nearest our home, Hope Ranch Beach. There I found something at the edge of the water that looked like a caricature of a western grebe modeled in tar. I tried to catch the poor black flopping thing. It struggled into the water and dived, or sank.

The smell of oil followed me up the canyon to our house, a mile from the sea. The smell, I thought, was beginning to flavor our lives. And we began to get some sense of the scope of our disaster. Ian McMillan, a noted wildlife expert, had come to town on behalf of The Defenders of Wildlife and made an aerial survey of the channel. Afterward, we had lunch together. Ian reported that the affected area was much greater than the Coast Guard's latest estimate, which was 200 square miles. But that was only the solid oil slick. Ian said more like 800 square miles were polluted, and he later increased his estimate to 1,200 square miles.

Though he is a world authority on

the California condor, Ian more closely resembles an eagle. A screaming eagle nose entered his voice when he began to explain the damage to marine life and birds. "Once the birds are oiled, there isn't much use trying to save them," he said. "They don't do well in captivity. Even if we manage to keep some alive for a time, it's difficult to release them back to the wild. The effects of the spill won't easily be undone, and I deplore"—his voice rose—"I deplore attempts to play it down. I talked to some State Fish and Game men at the harbor this morning. They said they had counted a total of 126 dead birds and rescued 108 live ones. This is just local and immediate damage, as they ought to know if they don't. But they're patting these figures out as official information. Meanwhile hundreds and probably thousands of birds are dying out at sea or being buried on the beaches."

That night an editor of *The New York Times*, who is a fellow birder, called from Washington and asked me what I would look for if I were there in his place. I said I would try to find out how the decision ever got made—under a conservationist Interior Secretary like Udall—to sell oil-drilling leases in a geologically unstable channel between a projected national park and a coastline that was famous for its beauty. For further light on the question I referred my editor friend to ex-Senator Weingand.

Part of the answer came out in the Sunday *Times*. Udall had been reached in Phoenix and took responsibility for the decision. He added that there had been "no dissent" in the Interior Department, "because 12 years of experience in the Gulf of Mexico, off Louisiana and Texas, had not led to any big leaks, even during hurricanes."

This was strangely in conflict with the statements of an employee of Red Adair, the Houston expert on capping wild oil wells, whose team had been called in to control the Santa Barbara spill. He said that spills were so common off Louisiana that they seldom got into the newspapers. And a Santa Barbara teacher, Fred Eissler, revealed that Udall's account of the decision-making process needed further correction. As a national director of the Sierra Club, Eissler had corresponded with Udall during the battle against the oil rigs coming into our channel. He produced a memo written by Stanley A. Cain, an ecologist who

continued



SANTA BARBARA PROTEST—including that of author's wife, who is carrying sign reading BAN THE BLOB—was amply evident to Union Oil President Fred Hartley (foreground) as he stepped from car on his way to hearing on runaway well. Both Kenneth

Miller, whose pen name is Ross Macdonald, and his wife Margaret are distinguished writers of detective fiction, both have contributed to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in the past on a subject that has become their stimulating avocation: ornithology and conservation.



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was Udall's Assistant Secretary for fish, wildlife and parks. On Aug. 7, 1967, Dr. Cain came out in favor of making the Santa Barbara Channel a marine sanctuary. Several days later, under pressure from the Budget Bureau and after a talk with J. Cordell Moore, the Assistant Secretary in charge of mineral resources, Dr. Cain reversed himself.

As the pieces of the story gradually came together, they seemed to show that the decision was made in favor of oil in the channel, and \$603 million of lease money in the U.S. Treasury, without any realistic concern for the local consequences. Dr. Cain wrote in his second memo, for instance, that the oil rigs would stand no closer than five miles to the shore, and that this "would certainly reduce platform visibility from land to negligibility." The fact is that, at the guaranteed distance, the 200-foot drilling structures loom up about as invisibly as aircraft carriers in the channel. I was told by a colleague of Dr. Cain's that the Assistant Secretary was originally a brontosaurus who had done work on tropical vegetation.

Meanwhile, Secretary Hickel was under mounting pressure to stop the oil operations in the channel. The youngest and fiercest of Santa Barbara County's five supervisors, George Clyde, told Edmund Muskie's U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution that Secretary Hickel's 24-hour moratorium on oil drilling was "tokenism" that "smacks of cynicism and cold hypocrisy." Charles M. Teague, the conservative Congressman from our district, asked Hickel to reconsider his rapid decision and later introduced a bill to stop the drilling permanently.

One of the voices raised in Washington in defense of drilling belonged to Fred L. Hartley, president of the Union Oil Co. He assured Senator Muskie and his subcommittee that his firm exercised "reasonable diligence" in its drilling. He talked like a man on whom the Santa Barbara Channel had played a dirty trick. His general explanation of the blowout—"Mother Nature, if you have had much contact with her, you will find it is always teaching new things"—immediately made Mr. Hartley our favorite natural philosopher.

Within 48 hours we had an unexpected chance to meet him. Senator Muskie and Senator Alan Cranston of California flew out to Santa Barbara for an on-the-spot

hearing. Several hundred local people went to the airport to greet them, carrying signs, including Margaret's own *RAN THE BLOB*. Just ahead of the Senators' plane a blue-and-orange Union Oil jet landed. Out stepped Mr. Hartley, a heavyset man with a commanding eye. Many of us booed him, not so much for running our coast as for treating us like natives who could be quipped by the techniques of public relations.

Mr. Hartley, followed by several reporters, walked up to me and angrily demanded my name. I gave it to him and added for the benefit of the reporters that I was secretary of the Scenic Shoreline Preservation Conference. Mr. Hartley muttered, "That was quite a speech," and stalked away. I wondered why he had chosen me for his attentions. Margaret said that Mr. Hartley appeared to be accident prone.

Mr. Hartley's impatience carried over into the subcommittee hearing which was held in the supervisors' meeting room before a packed house. He told Senator Muskie and us that our common disaster was not a disaster, on the grounds that no human beings had been killed. We groaned. Mr. Hartley did have one cheering thing to say. Now, in the 11th day of the spill, his company had assembled enough drilling mud and cement to stop the leaks in the ocean floor, it hoped. The headline in the next day's paper—LEAK PLUGGED, SAYS UNION OIL—made some of us let out a sigh of relief. Others, mostly geologists and oilmen, waited for the other shoe to drop.

Secretary Hickel, yielding finally to public or presidential pressure, had ordered the suspension of all federal oil operations in the Santa Barbara Channel. Because of the danger of further spills, most of us were determined to make the suspension permanent. Over the weekend hundreds of petition bearers spread out over the county. Margaret and I set up a table on Cabrillo Boulevard near the beach to catch the people from out of town.

Cabrillo Boulevard hadn't been so crowded with sightseers since the Fiesta in August. Most of the visitors at our Black Fiesta were glad to sign our Get Oil Out petition. A couple of embarrassed oil workers admitted to "mixed feelings." A few others, even some who signed, advised us gravely that we were wasting our time: the oil companies were too big to fight.

We didn't believe that, and neither did Supervisor George Clyde. He announced over the weekend that he would ask the other supervisors to join him in a resolution against all oil-drilling operations off county shores. On Monday it was passed unanimously before a standing-room-only crowd of citizens. As Supervisor Joe Callahan said, Santa Barbara hadn't been so united since the great earthquake of 1925—which just about wiped the town out.

In the middle of the week I spot-checked 20 miles of beaches to get an idea of the present damage, which was occurring in spite of the considerable efforts of Union Oil to keep the oil off shore and clean up the pollution. I saw no more than a dozen birds, and only three or four of them were shorebirds.

Carpenteria Beach was a black wasteland. Just back of it I found a bird rescue station that Union Oil had set up, and was guided through the two trailers that housed it by a pleasant young man in coveralls. The open plywood pens were full of diving birds, mostly western grebes and loons, sea ducks and cormorants. The hard-hatted oil engineers who looked after them had given each bird the same treatment: a pat of butter

continued



VOLUNTEERS STRIVE TO SAVE BIRDS



UNION OIL CLEANUP CREWS WADE THROUGH OILY STRAW IN SANTA BARBARA HARBOR

THE BLOB *continued*

forced down its throat to clean it out, a bath of dispersant (Polyscomplex A-11), a warm place to sit and pieces of fish to eat.

Of the 600 birds rescued in the 15 days since the well first blew, some 60% had survived. I didn't have the heart to tell the engineers that one month after the *Torrey Canyon* spill, of 7,849 birds rescued only 450 survived, and many of these died later, or that, according to English ornithologist James Fisher, for every bird washed ashore at least one was lost at sea.

I visited another bird rescue station, this one at the children's zoo in Santa Barbara. A pretty blonde girl wearing a smock told me in a soft Australian accent that her station had cared for more than 400 birds, of which more than half had died. She was able to show me one shorebird, a rather frazzled godwit standing under a heat lamp. I asked her if the shorebirds had gone inland. She didn't know. But on my way home I stopped at Shoreline Park, above the beach, and counted six oil-smudged sandelings foraging in the grass.

When I walked into the house Margaret silently handed me the evening paper. The headline said: OIL IS FLOWING AGAIN FROM CHANNEL RUPTURE. We decided to have a look, and reserved a plane for the next day. Then we lined up several expert observers, including a naturalist-photographer, Dick Smith, a writer, Robert Easton; and Waldo Abbott, the ornithologist of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History.

The pilot, Margaret Mead of Powderpuff Derby fame, flew us directly out over Platform A and circled the blue skyscraper several times. Oil was welling up in at least three places, coming to the surface on an east-west front of about 1,000 feet. I later found out from a geologist what this meant. "It's leaking along the line of the fault," he said, "which is bad. These multiple leaks are awfully hard to plug."

We flew due south to the mountainous island of Santa Cruz. Much of its shoreline had been blackened, and there was oil on the water far out to sea beyond it. Anacapa, a cliff-surrounded island that is small enough to be seen from the air all at once, was encircled by oil on the beaches and on the water. Anacapa is a national monument.

The last time I visited the island, the beaches had had a primeval quality. Surf-birds and black and ruddy turnstones had crouched on the wet rocks. A few black oyster catchers had poked at shellfish with their surreal red beaks. Now the only visible birds were the gulls speckling a sandbar. We sat in silence as our pilot turned back toward the mainland. The oil lay everywhere on the water in globs and windrows and iridescent slicks.

Flying from Port Hueneme westward to Santa Barbara, we surveyed 45 miles of polluted beaches. The tide line was a broad black band that looked from the air like something marked on a map with a black crayon. Or, when we flew lower, a spattering black brush.

The smile was Waldo Abbott's. "The tide works like a paintbrush on the intertidal zone," he was saying. "It puts

on a new coat of oil every time it comes in and recedes. It's hard on the smaller plants and animals—the things that the birds and the larger fishes live on." And then his mind moved in a swoop from the tiny world to the large one. "This is just a little sample of what could happen." He meant the next major earthquake that some seismologists said was overdue, the earthquake that could give us the ultimate oil bath.

The present one was enough. Over the weekend a southeaster rose, driving the floating oil in from the channel, dislodging it from the kelp beds and blowing it to the shore. Suddenly the Biltmore beach, which had already been cleaned by state prisoners and Union Oil men, now looked worse than it ever had, with oil flung 10 feet high along its seawall. Close offshore the sea was a brown emulsion plowed by one forlorn grebe.

Dr. Joseph H. Connell and other university scientists were studying the effects of this oil on life—both animal and human. So far the larger fishes seemed undamaged, though professionals had detected no significant schools of fish in the channel since the spill began. Some of the intertidal life, mussels and anemones, could live with the oil. But some other small species were not so durable. The damage to their populations might cause changes in the food chain, the consequences of which could not yet be measured.

I was particularly interested in the findings of two young environmental scientists, Dr. Norman K. Sanders and Dr. Robert R. Curry. For Sanders the disaster was mainly a human one. The danger, as he saw it, was that the degradation of the environment could ruin Santa Barbara's pride and turn it into just another technological slum. Dr. Curry considered an even more frightening danger: "We had more than 60 moderate earthquakes here last summer and they all originated in the channel. What happens when a major earthquake or a seismic wave comes along? Sooner or later one will. It could knock the whole thing over, shear off the wells if they're still there. The oil could run for years."

Curry is a young man of striking appearance and temperament, with black curly hair and flashing brown eyes. He is also widely qualified in geophysics, geology, hydrology and ecology. About 10 days after our conversation he tes-

tified as an expert witness before the Senate. Pounding out the dangers of further drilling in the channel, Curry concluded that "Federal leases should be revoked and the offshore fields declared petroleum reserves to be used only in the event of a national emergency." Failing that, the oil operations should be shut down "while the technology caught up to the need for safety." The Senators were so impressed that they hired Curry as an adviser.

It seemed to a layman that the Senators—and the Government—were in need of some new experts. Donald W. Solanas of the Interior Department, whose job it was to supervise our offshore oil operations, defended both the government's widely criticized drilling regulations and the activities of Union Oil. The company complied with the rules, he said, but "Mother Earth broke down on us." Mr. Solanas sounded as if he'd been studying natural philosophy with Mr. Hartley. But his former boss, Secretary Udall, now recognized the seismic dangers in the channel and confessed that he and other Interior Department officials had been "overconfident" in permitting oil drilling there.

Fred Eissler argued that the oil spill could have been averted if the government had listened to the objections of local people. (A high Interior Department official, Eugene W. Standlee, had advised against a public hearing on the oil issue because it would "stir up the natives.") Now, Eissler told the subcommittee, the channel should be made into a marine sanctuary under legislation similar to the Wilderness Act.

Toward the end of the day, walking with Bob Easton in the foothills, I told him what had been said at the hearing. He had worked with Fred Eissler for years to get the San Rafael Wilderness established in Santa Barbara's backcountry. Now his imagination was touched by the idea of an ocean wilderness complementing our mountain wilderness and completed by a Channel Islands National Park.

We paused on Mountain Drive and looked out over the platform-studded sea. "It isn't enough just to get rid of them," Bob said. "We've got to convert this horror to positive good. Perhaps we can use it as a pivot to turn the country around before we completely wreck our living space."

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How many times will he have to say, "cheese"?



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THE BLOB *CONTINUED*

On an afternoon near the end of the first month of the era of the Blob, Dr. Sanders brought his wife over to meet mine. By a nice coincidence, Gillian Sanders turned out to be the blonde Australian girl who cared for rescued birds at the children's zoo.

Norman Sanders belongs to a new academic breed. He is a tall, young outdoorsman who once flew the Alaska salmon patrol for the Fish and Wildlife Service and once attempted, with his wife, to sail his 20-foot boat eastward from Tasmania to California.

Now he talked about the necessity of saving our coast. "Some scientists are saying that before long we may not be able to live anywhere else—the interior will be completely polluted."

"Do you believe that could happen?"

"It could, unless we learn to use the planet without destroying it. Our society has failed miserably in letting this spill occur. What if Bob Curry's nightmare came true? What if Southern California lost all its sea life and its beaches? What would the people do?"

"Riot, maybe."

"I wouldn't be surprised. Degraded living conditions are a major source of unrest." Sanders paused in a listening attitude, as if he could hear distant rumblings. "There's just one positive thing about this oil mess. Until quite recently, it wouldn't have created such a national uproar. People are finally catching on to how much we have to lose, and how fast we're losing it."

As we talked, our wives moved in from an adjoining room. Margaret was telling Gillian that Hope Ranch Beach had been less severely damaged than some others. The shorebirds were returning, and in spite of the ever-present blob, even a few western grebes could be seen offshore. So our own beach had been lucky. But dead and dying birds were still being packed up along 200 miles of shoreline.

I asked Gillian how her rescued birds at the zoo were doing. She answered with downcast eyes: "They're dying."

She took it hard. As her husband had said, the main disaster is ours. If the oil spillage is ever completely controlled, most of the birds and the other wildlife will eventually renew themselves. But the human damage is irreparable. Our ease and confidence in our environment has cracked, slightly but permanently, like an egg.

END

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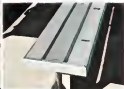
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said, "The class of 1990
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Athletic arenas haven't changed much since the Roman Coliseum, but this hasn't kept the men at Reynolds from trying to improve them. They've just announced a new stadium seat design using aluminum extrusions which could cure upkeep and replacement problems for many, many years. Latest big user: the Rose Bowl.

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(Left) Contoured single plank design with gold-anodized back-rests at Arizona State University. Smooth edges and serruled surfaces of aluminum seats have no clothes-snagging splinters, are safer. (Right) Reynolds Aluminum multi-plank clear-anodized seat in the Rose Bowl.



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Jeans with a dash of tonic



Rough and rugged or rhinestone-studded, that great American classic, cowboy's blue jeans, has moved out of Haight-Ashbury and into the bolero this spring. In a year when pants are the fashion that challenges the miniskirt for a place on the hip, the hippest pants of all are the model that made Levi's a name that almost rivals that of Coke as an American product known around the world.

In response to the fad, Levi Strauss has launched a line called Levi's for Gals, for the first time in its 119 years making its famous jacket and fly-front pants in women's sizes. Aziyade Venus wears them (left) with the added glitzer of rhinestone buttons and Giorgio Sant'Angelo's

silver mesh top and belt to shine at McGregor's Garage, a Greenwich Village restaurant decorated with oilcans and gas-station signs. Host Paul McGregor greets Aziyade in his nightly uniform—well-faded Levi's.

The low-slung, hip-hugging Levi's cut has been copied by other designers, in every kind of fabric. Lilly Pulitzer launched a line of men's Pulitzer Jeans last year in bright hand-screened floral prints and now finds the girls are raiding her menswear shops to buy them. And Giorgio Sant'Angelo, the avant-garde Italian designer (SI, Jan. 13), has cut jeans pants and jackets line for line in purple satin (above) for more form-fitting shine by night.

END

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At the end, it was up to the two big men underneath

There were plenty of heroes to go around as the Celtics and the Knicks battled for the Eastern Division NBA title. The real war, though, was between New York's Willis Reed and Boston's tireless Bill Russell

Just when everyone in the NBA had decided that the home-court advantage was as dead as the center jump, the fourth-place Celtics rediscovered the home court and promptly put it to advantage. That, of course, was after they had taken the precaution of winning the first game of the Eastern Division finals in New York (SI, April 14). Matching later home-game victories with the Knicks, including a tensely played 97-96 squeaker over New York on Sunday, they went back to Boston Monday night with a 3-2 lead and victory, hopefully, within neighborly reach.

It did not always seem so close at hand, especially when the Celtics were finishing fourth in their division behind Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. The Bostons themselves admit that their year-end estate embarrassed them somewhat, but this season and last any resemblance between the Celtics of the long winter and those of the playoffs has been purely coincidental. Surely what happened in the second game of the Knick series is impossible to explain in terms of logic.

To fully understand the extent of the rout, nothing but minute examination of the cruel statistics will do. The Knicks went 6-20 without a basket and ended up with only 14 points in the first quarter. Then they went cold. They were shut out for the first 4:50 of the second period and had made but three of 33 attempted baskets to that point. With only 2:16 left in the half, Boston still had more than twice as many points as New York, 49 to 24.

It was a whitewash all-round. Dave DeBusschere, who was to be shut out for the first time in his whole life any-

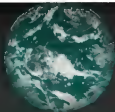
where, was 0 for 8 at the half; Dick Barnett was 1 for 8; Walt Frazier 2 for 13; Bill Bradley 2 for 8. Bill Russell had 21 rebounds, but although he, Tom Sanders and Bailey Howell all shot well enough, nobody on the Celtics seemed exceptional on offense. Like everyone else, they might have been distracted by the astonishing figures piling up on the scoreboard. For their part, the Boston spectators were uncommonly decent about the whole affair. It was almost as though they were unwilling witnesses to a surprise far-and-feeding. They cheered much more lustily in the third period, when the Celtic offense began to roll.

It is ironic, but not contradictory, that while New York may still be good enough to win the championship it is also the only team in the league that could suffer such sustained futility. Any other team would rush in reserves, but New York has no bench and Coach Red Holzman deploys his extras only as fouls and evisceration demand. In desperation at 35-14 he turned to Cazzie Russell, who had been out since January 21 with a broken right ankle. Brave Cazzie, limping noticeably, was ineffective and only a sad reminder of his old self.

Fortunately for the Knicks, the schedule called for a game the very next night, and at home. Had they had several days to stew over the debacle of the second game they might have succumbed to the fear of fear itself. There was no doubt in their minds that Bill Russell had upset their pose, but intimidate them? It is the question Bradley asked later, his quizzical left eyebrow tilting at the word that has been hauled out for so many years when Russell was shoving shots

continued

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down players' throats. "That means 'frightened,' doesn't it? So no, we weren't intimidated by him." Bradley, the other Knicks and Bill Russell, too (who is experienced and nobody's fool in these matters), all made the point that the Knicks had passed up or hesitated on only a few shots in the disastrous first half. What really happened, they said, was that the Knicks missed a lot of good, clear shots. Besides, the reasoning went, how could New York be intimidated by a man and a team they had beaten six out of seven times during the regular season?

The cynic listens and remembers Montaigne, who wondered, "When I play with my cat, who knows if I am not a pastime to her more than she is to me?" What Russell was thinking or doing during the long winter months is something only that big cat knows himself. Still, students of him continued to probe his every move for clues, and those who saw him before the third game were convinced that troubled hours lay ahead for the Celtics. Russell was too loose, even laughing raucously, and while he says he sleeps well now and only rarely throws up before a game, it is the consensus that an ill humor is still the tip of his iceberg of concentration. The iller the humor the deeper the iceberg.

The Russellologists were right, too, from the start of the third game it was obvious that he was not the dominant force he had been the night before. The arcs of the opponents' shots are really the best gauge of how effectively Russell is playing—never mind rebounds and blocks and other statistical camouflage. In the second game the Knicks' shots had been such high pop flies that it was easy to imagine Rico Petrocelli, the Fenway Park shortstop, flapping the glasses down and fielding them rather than Russell. The next night, though, the Knicks' shots were straighter and truer. New York won 101-91, dispatching the two Celtic sorcerers that briefly made it close.

John Havlicek, who two days before had passed his 29th birthday in bed with the flu, was throttled by Bradley, a player whose defensive abilities are regularly and wrongfully maligned. Havlicek made only eight points, and his three baskets (in but 13 tries) occurred on fast breaks, one of them after a broken play when Bradley was not on him. Overguarding Havlicek to his right, trying to steer him inward, Bradley kept him in the shoot-

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ing slump he had been in for the first two games of the Knick series.

"I might have played him more head to head," Bradley said afterward, "but this gets into the basic misconception about what good basketball defense is. It is not head to head so much as it is helping out. Our first rule is to contest every pass by anyone."

The Celtics, on the other hand, were succeeding by not overplaying their defenses. "In the regular season," Havlicek said, "we had tried to help each other out against them, but they're so good at hitting the open man we were always getting caught halfway. We haven't been doing as much switching in the playoffs. We've stuck with one-to-one, trying to put pressure on every shooter."

In a sense Russell was applying the least pressure to Willis Reed, and Willis Reed to Russell. An all-star forward in his time, Reed is as good a touch shooter as ever played center. Against Baltimore and Boston in the playoffs, he made most of his many points by going outside to take passes for quick turnaround jumps. He seldom drove on Russell and, in fact, ceded his lead rebounding role to DeBusschere. The Knicks and Russell were taking the same calculated risk. The question both sides had to decide was whether Reed would wreak more mischief with his deadly outside shooting or by scoring less inside but wearing Russell down and perhaps getting him into foul trouble.

Russell, as coach, had to solve the riddle of Reed himself, but the Celtics, famed for their teamwork and the spirit that pervades the organization, were glad to pitch in and help him coach. Sam Jones could be seen in late huddles, drawing plays on the court with his finger like a kid scribbling touch-football pass patterns in the dirt. Havlicek as usual screamed at Russell to get moving and Sanders, seated on the bench, growled out at his coach: "Go on, Russ, go, go, run." Russell dug downcourt. "For one or two years," Sanders said facetiously, "he had the reputation of being one of the better defensive players in the league, so I really do not tend to worry too much about him." Neither did anybody else. For all the good work of Bradley and Havlicek and the rest of the Celtics and Knicks, the outcome of the series was fated to be determined, as might have been foretold months ago, by what happened between the two big men underneath.

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Raging tempest over trotting

Harness racing at night has won routine acceptance in many areas, but when it came to Southern California it made new enemies of old friends

For a community of only 95,000, Inglewood, Calif. is richly blessed in sports. It is the home of a racetrack that leads the nation in average daily attendance, Hollywood Park. Hollywood proper is 22 miles away, but the name seems a better bet to the track operators than, say, Inglewood Downs.

Inglewood also has big-league franchises in pro basketball and hockey, though both are named "Los Angeles." The city does have a cemetery called Inglewood Park, but the odds are the name will one day be changed to "Beverly Hills."

If sports have brought excitement to Inglewood, they also have brought heartburn. The town finds itself in the middle of a big commotion it did not invite. For the last year, Thoroughbred owners, trainers and breeders have been embroiled in a snarling fight with Hollywood Park and its lessee, Western Harness Racing Association. The argument recently went to the polls, and the next step could be the grand jury. In connection with it are lawsuits totaling \$7 million.

Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings, whose home, The Forum, lies adjacent to the racetrack, fought for awhile as a confederate of the Thoroughbred horsemen. Today he not only has left them but has joined the other side. "In this war," says one Thoroughbred owner, "Cooke represents the Italian army."

The principal *casus belli* was the decision of Hollywood Park last year to permit night harness racing on its grounds. The track's motive was ill-disguised for 78 nights of trotting, not concurrent with flat racing, Hollywood Park's rental could be as high as \$1 million a year. Thoroughbred horsemen contend that Hollywood Park has betrayed them. By opening its plant to the sulks at night, the track, they say, is selling out the Thoroughbreds and jeopardizing the \$250 million breeding in-

dustry in California. They argue that night trotting is a threat to the flat racers, has no business at a major Thoroughbred track and that Hollywood Park, a longtime opponent of night racing, had promised to reject such activity at its plant.

In retaliation for this "betrayal" the Thoroughbred horsemen have formed an association called Oak Tree and will run a 20-day daytime Thoroughbred meeting during the fall at Santa Anita in competition with the trotters at Hollywood. They had no trouble renting the grounds from Santa Anita officials, who once had formed an alliance with Hollywood Park to resist night harness racing. The two leased their facilities to Western Harness for daytime trotting, sharing the rent equally. Now, Hollywood not only has made a deal for night trotting but is keeping all the rent. Santa Anita stockholders are upset.

Disturbed by "defamatory" comments on the part of the Thoroughbred horsemen, Hollywood Park has brought suit for \$3.1 million against six of their leaders. Charging "conspiracy," Western Harness has sued the same group for \$3.9 million. Until 1967, racing after sunset was illegal in California. For more than 20 years Western Harness operated during the day, hoping all along to promote legislation permitting the sport at night. Observing the population growth of horseplaying Los Angeles County, the sulky operators envisioned nightly handles as high as \$3 million. Foward that happy eventuality they purchased 300 acres near a suburb of Los Angeles called La Puente, planning to build a modern 5/8th-of-a-mile track.

What the trotting people didn't reckon with was the extent of Thoroughbred power, a pervading presence at the capital in Sacramento. Hollywood Park and Santa Anita stood firmly opposed to night racing and as time went on they gathered as allies the Los Angeles Dodgers, California Angels, San Francisco

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Giants and Jack Kent Cooke, along with theater owners and bowling alley proprietors. All contributed money to the fight. Walter O'Malley recalls that Hollywood Park was the "spiritual leader" of the group. "It used to call the meetings," he says.

In 1963, Jim Stewart, general manager of Hollywood, testified before the State Assembly Efficiency Committee in Sacramento against an amendment that would legalize night racing. In 1967 at a stockholders' meeting he remarked that Inglewood did not want night racing and that any attempt to stage it at Hollywood Park would seriously jeopardize the track's zoning variance and the continuance of Thoroughbred racing.

When Jack Kent Cooke chose the Inglewood location for his \$16 million Forum, he said he had the assurance of Inglewood city officials and Hollywood Park that night racing would not be allowed next door. "I would have been insane," said Cooke, "to build there without the guarantee that we could op-

erate free of night confusion at Hollywood Park."

The feeling seemed to be that once night trotting came to California, Western Harness would construct a plant on its property near La Puente. By 1968, however, the acreage for which the trotting people had paid \$900,000 (in 1954) had zoomed in value to about \$12 million. Plainly, the land had become too precious for a racetrack to be used only 78 times a year.

It was a furious Jack Cooke who heard the news, on a spring morning in 1968, that Hollywood Park had entered into a lease agreement with Western Harness. Said he at the time, "There is no more reason we should be harassed by night racing next door than the Hollywood Bowl or the Music Center should be." (Marvin Shapiro, president of the harness group, responded to the complaint. "Jack Kent Cooke doesn't own the nighttime," he said.)

Failing to get satisfaction from city officials, Cooke ordered his attorney to

take legal steps to repulse the intruder. An ordinance that would ban night racing in Inglewood was drafted, and Cooke enlisted Baus and Ross, a public-relations firm specializing in political campaigns (it mapped the fight to defeat subscription TV in California) to petition signatures in Inglewood with the view of getting the bill on the ballot. In his zeal to attack the poacher, Cooke was guilty of a small oversight. He forgot that the parking lot at his Forum only held 3,000 cars and that the overflow was being sent to the vast parking facility of Hollywood Park next door. When word came from the track that Forum patrons no longer would be welcome on Hollywood Park property, Cooke suddenly realized he had a problem. Southern Californians are a motoring public. The Lakers and the Kings were in trouble.

Cooke knew what he had to do. He quickly entered into a truce with Hollywood Park and signed a long lease for parking, in exchange for which he

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promised to be a repeat offender. But the Thoroughbred horsemen didn't back off. They financed Rose and Ross to stay on the project, and the firm, some time later, appeared to have come, so-called, out of the wilderness on the track. But the effect, Thoroughbred owners were being asked to work the terms between the horsemen and placing a bet on them.

But it didn't go as planned. Hot Springs Park (owned by Rose and Ross) and the surrounding area was supposed to be the horsemen's arena, and the atmosphere, when previous bettors appeared, didn't help. Said Dr. Kent Lough, a prominent state veterinarian, "There's no atmosphere."

The person and the animal were supposed to be racing as long as the track was against it. Now that situation, the track and the animal were racing against it. Now that situation, the track and the animal were racing against it.

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problem when they've crossed out the links in the current model, they have to face the links in the next.

We'll never understand all the hoopla over the big changes for next year's models.

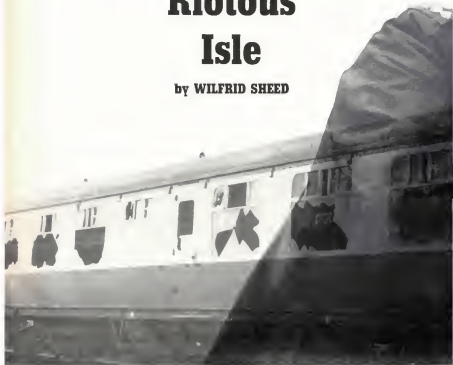
But we do know the profit of this

is the profit of this

Violence in and around soccer is sweeping England, usually considered the citadel of fair play and orderly behavior. Rough stuff on the playing field is matched by fighting in the grandstands, fierce attacks on special trains and outbreaks in nearby streets and even distant cities

This Riotous Isle

by WILFRID SHEED



Gray, bleak, cold. The fans are jammed so close that you can't get your hand to your mouth to move the cigar in or out. The crowd sways sideways and lifts you five feet to the right. "God bless our gracious team," they sing. And "... the sodding visitors." Toilet rolls whistle and flap past your ear to clutter the field like ticker tape. Someone drips his tea on you for a giggle.

This is a normal English soccer crowd warming up for an average game. Down below, the police keep a baleful eye on certain

continued



spots. The Leicester City fans are in blue scarves, defending the south goal. The West Ham crowd, in red, is up by the rafters. This may be the stadium that fate has chosen for Monday's headline, DISGUSTING OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE IN LEICESTER, or Stoke or Millwall. Or it may be routine bedlam, two bloody noses and a broken umbrella.

The phenomenon of crowd violence in England is, among other qualities, insanely capricious. Trying to catch it is like trying to get mugged in the New York subway. "You should have been here last week," says one man next to you. "We had a lovely punch-up." Or "Wait till the Liverpool crowd gets here. Then you'll see something."

That Saturday in Leicester the police formed a wedge between the rival gangs. They were obliged to sway with the West Ham supporters, helmets bobbing forlornly, dignity maintained as well as may

be. One bobby was almost flung into the Leicester camp as an offering. (Somebody pushed me, sergeant.) But the holding action worked. The game began eventually and distracted the crowd from its other interests. And later everyone had to walk home in the rain, that great sobering force in English life.

This would be the scene on 10 out of 11 First Division soccer grounds. Violence hovers, no one is certain how seriously; the crowd is skittish, likes to tease. But on that 11th ground hell breaks loose. Darts fly into the goalmouth, spectators are stabbed, bricks and broken bottles crisscross. The ever-present stretchers are filled and refilled, until the terraces (or stand-up bleachers) look like the Siege of Sevastopol.

A montage of the gamier incidents of the last couple of years would include six heads split open at Stoke, a boy stabbed through the abdomen with a

bayonet at Highbury, a rash of turnstile pilfering at Leeds, fires at Notts Forest, Coventry and Swansea and assorted assaults by paint, aerosol can, potters clay, marbles shot through a peashooter and, in one case, a chewed pork chop. The roll call, for the most part, is dingy and repetitive, so that you get the impression of reading the same newspaper week after week. "Everton director boasts: 'We get fewer toilet rolls than in London'"—but he admits they get some. The regional variations are trifling.

On the way home, elated with victory, enraged with defeat or simply frustrated with a draw, the visitors slam against windows and doors, smashing but seldom looting, rip out telephones; and lurch onto their special trains, where they start all over again. Manchester City holds the railway record with 100 light bulbs destroyed, Manchester United

SOCCER TO ME—A CONFISCATED ARSENAL



At a recent Southampton-Chelsea match, police frisked "terrace" (bleacher) fans and acquired a startling collection of weapons. Included were a switchblade, a sheath knife, a vegetable knife and several clasp knives. There were also belts, bottles, spanners, pliers, steel combs with sharpened teeth, large nails, a stiff-bristled brush,

a sharp-edged badge and a number of crash helmets which, while offering protection from flying objects, are also good for bating people. Lastly, police found a batch of tin cans. "They can be stamped on and they have sharp edges," said a police spokesman. "Thrown above the crowd, they can inflict serious injury."

holds another with 47 emergency stops. No one has kept score on smashed windows—or toilet bowls. So severe has the situation become that Home Secretary James Callaghan told the House of Commons last month that special mobile police squads were being set up specifically to battle what newspapers were calling "soccer thuggery."

What is it all about? Before we are awash in theories—and every Englishman has one—contemplate for a moment the inside of a supporters' train. The boys on the West Ham special are restless but relatively peaceful, undergrown kids of roughly 13 to 17, very hard to take seriously as threats. A couple of months before, they made their bid for fame on the way back to Ipswich, stealing seats and managing six emergency stops. But now police roam the aisle, and there is talk of a vast dog called Rikki who can tear you apart. (Rikki has already made a doleful appearance, baying mournfully past the ticket window, but he is not actually on the train.)

"If there weren't no coppers, wouldn't it be great?" mutters a sport across the way. He looks speculatively at the light bulbs, but half of them are already out. The train is stripped and crummy, as hard to wreck as a padded cell. Even the emergency cord sparkles with fresh paint, which will linger guiltily on the unauthorized hand. So they settle for a game of throwing Pepsi-Cola cans and sugar lumps at each other. "Dead place this train, isn't it?" shouts a merry-maker as he swampers through the coaches, ricocheting off unsmiling bobbers twice his size.

There is one small incident just before we get to London. A boy about 14 chuckles some tea over his mate. The nearest policeman lectures him like a nursemaid and makes him clean up the mess. The boy reddens and a minute later stalks off to the next compartment and breaks a window. When I get to the scene of the crime the investigating officer intercepts me. "Press, eh? Well, it was an accident." I point out that the glass is stuck and would take some breaking, and he says with a wink, "Yes, well, he

fell against it with his key ring." The boy looks crushed and terrified. Later, on the platform, another policeman scuttles over. "It was an accident, sir." In other words, please, no talk about disgusting behavior in the Monday papers.

When I say that every Englishman has a theory I should add that most of them have the same one. Soccer officials, player representatives and aging fans (anyone over 22) chant almost in chorus: "It's the same everywhere, isn't it? It's all this permissiveness, isn't it? They have too much money, don't they?" Here the officials peel off from the rest. "Mind you, it's only a tiny minority. Most of our supporters are thoroughly decent and sporting, but nobody ever writes about *them*." Outside of the question of how many people, even soccer officials, would want to read about decent supporters, one has to wonder what the fuss about permissiveness can mean if so few fans are affected by it.

Almost everyone agrees in not blaming the game as such. "A few years ago it was beaches and cinema seats, now it's football." But if the connection is that accidental, England must be unique. Around the globe, soccer has been one of the great forces for disorder of all time. In Turkey 400 people were injured and 42 killed in a soccer riot. Latin American referees are known to leave the ground in drag or dressed as police. In Italy a referee pulled a gun on a player and in Barcelona a knife, and just a month ago it took a helicopter to get two officials—presumably unarmed ones—out of a Palermo stadium. At first glance post Imperial Britain would simply seem to be catching up, or down,

with the rest of the world. "The savagery we encounter and so furiously denounce on European expeditions unhappily reminded of the bulling." Phrases like that dot the English press, where every cub reporter is a moralist.

What distinguishes the English brand of violence from other people's is the irrelevance of much of it. Chasing a referee around the fields with a horsewhip may constitute fair comment, but attacking a toilet bowl some hours later

is something else. There are at least two identifiable groups of English hooligans—soccer hooligans and hooligan-hooligans—and the distinction defines the problem.

Soccer is without doubt a provoking game. Enthusiasts love it precisely for the interrupted climaxes, the beautiful movements that come to nothing, they love it because it is so coy and maddening. When the goal does arrive it is likely to be an accident. Also it is likely to be called back by an offside penalty—a mystifying rubric that half the fans I talked to couldn't explain. After 80 minutes of nothing happening an offside penalty can be infuriating, and you are tempted to swear that capering clod in the wrong scarf whose team benefits.

This is Basic Soccer Hooliganism I, practiced by young and old, and, whatever sentimental officials may say, it goes back a long way. A Scotland Yard man who used to work the Highbury ground before the war remembers the gangs that would lash at each other with bicycle chains, and a clergyman even recalls some modified train wrecking in his day. As for Scotland, there has never been any other approach to the game and hooliganism is hardly news at all.

There are those who argue that a connection can be proved between roughness in the stands and roughness on the field, and it is true that the two have kept pace closely. Since 1961, when the ceiling was taken off players' salaries, three times as many have been sent off the field annually for "insulting behavior," the cover-all vice. And by most accounts, many times as many more should be. The field is patrolled by a solitary referee whose back is inevitably turned to most of it as he pants up and down his vast domain and by two linesmen with flags but no whistles who frequently flap in vain and sometimes don't flap at all.

A soccer referee is an embattled figure even by normal refereeing standards. In a very important recent match the unfortunate official missed the deciding goal completely while recovering from a blow in the chest. He was the only one out of 40,000 or so not to notice that the scorer had touched the ball with

continued

his hands. A British ref is also a symbol of Authority, an authority to be assailed. "The players may not be rougher, but they're a lot more petulant," said one observer, and their sulks and tantrums are picked up by the crowd and associated with its own grievances.

Refs are exhorted by the Colonel Blimps of England to be more forceful with hooligan players. But officials have grounds for timidity. If they send a player off the field they may have to defend themselves later on at an out-of-town hearing. As part-time employees—at roughly \$30 a game—they are disinclined to take a day off from work to wrangle with some player, or player's representative, who may even be backed by members of the opposing team. And anyway, at those prices who would want to brave the wrath of the fans? A referee in Millwall was kicked in the kidneys and beaten. Another recently suggested that a whip and a pistol would help him enormously in his work.

There is an unwritten understanding in England that no fouls at all are called in the first five minutes of a game. And several teams take the opportunity to assert themselves forcefully on enemy and crowd alike. Pat Czerand of Manchester United talks eloquently about concealed brutality, especially a practice called "playing over the ball," which means kicking just over the top of the ball in order to hit the opponent's shin. "The referees are not used to the shadier side of the game," he said. "There are fouls they don't even know about."

Concealed brutality is unlikely to set off the crowd directly, but it may set off the other player, who will in turn set off the crowd. A firebrand like Czerand may be bounced several times a season for lashing back at some smug offender. Part of a "hard" player's equipment is an ability to instigate trouble that will get somebody else sent off. In any event, the crowds roar and belt each other. To help them get the point, certain players have developed a dying swan routine, which is imported, they say, from the Latin countries and which involves hitting the turf with a groan and lying stock still in the hope of attracting a penalty.

"You can tell they're stalling for time," says one player. "But you can't help understanding." Sometimes the game goes on for a full minute over their prostrate bodies while their sincerity is tested.

Undoubtedly better refereeing would lessen this particular cause of crowd violence. Often the penalty goes to the man who falls down fastest, regardless of who kicked whom, and often players are sent off for cursing the ref while the backer runs free. The fans know it and smolder with the injustice. Almost everyone I talked to agrees that one ref isn't enough. But a Football Association nabob told me that use of an extra referee would have to be cleared by the international association. Soccer people move with caution or not at all.

Even if the referees were reimbursed at a scale that makes them seem less like the players' man-servants and were backed up by better linesmen, and even if ex-players were encouraged to take up the profession (they are obliged now to go through an apprenticeship that brings them close to retirement age), the English game would still be rough. "We're barbarians, they say on the Continent," a player notes.

It is a tough, workingman's game, and the kids who play and the kids who watch differ only in quality of footwork. "The players talk more about heart than they do about skill," I was told. English soccer, for all its grace, is first of all a test of courage. There are other reasons of varying importance for rough play. Professional grounds are pounded over for 10 months with no time to recover in between seasons. Which means that, wallowing around in his mud bath, the slow player tracks down the fast one and lays him out.

English rules, or English rules interpretation, permit tackling from the rear, loosely analogous to clipping in American football. Theoretically, you can still aim at the ball from this position, but what you are actually aiming at is the man's legs, with much hacking and tripping ensuing. It is said of a certain nameless player from Leeds United that you can hear a click as he cocks his left leg while he is stalking up behind you.

"We're too hard for the Continentals, but they haven't affected our game," said one player. Not at least in the direction of softness. They, or at least the Italians, may have done something to make the game, indirectly, a little bit harder. They have made soccer more defensive, more like World War I.

Danny Blanchflower, the ex-Irish international star and probably the most articulate man in the business, can demonstrate how this works by drawing formations on a series of cocktail napkins. Every basic change in the game, it seems, if I read the napkins aright, has cut down on the number of "strikers" and clogged the goal area. This means that anyone trying to dribble through finds the area boobytrapped, legs flying at him from everywhere, and, in the confusion, much hanky-panky. "Defensive football is destructive football," says Blanchflower. "Managers find it easier to control defensive teams, just as FA officials prefer to control a dead organization."

According to Soccer Writer Hugh McLivney, every team now employs a couple of "hard" men, if only for purposes of reprisal, and their names are known to everyone. These players may serve as inspirations to aspiring hooligans. Denis Howell, the minister for sport, has recommended that known hatchmen be fined heavily and that their clubs pay the fines. This was greeted with roars of indignation from the club officials, who claim that they have no control over their players. But Howell's point was that they not only control them but are encouraging them to play roughly.

This electrical charge between players and fans comes under the heading, "win at any cost"—familiar stuff to Americans, but alarming to old-line Britons who used to pride themselves on being the world's most dignified losers. The officials blame it on the new money. Put back the wage ceilings, they say, and players will return to their mild selves. (Cliff Lloyd, as players' representative, enjoyed a chuckle over this economical solution.) Or they blame it on the new generation. But rumor has it that the middle-aged directors have caught the fever worse than any one, these

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Riotous Isle *continued*

being for the most part small local businessmen, excessively town proud and unpaid except in prestige, which goes up or down with the team's standing. For the first time in history managers are getting sacked for losing. And if a little roughness can prevent that...

Whatever it is—winning the World Cup in 1966 may have been the turning point—good losing is now seen for the freak it probably always was, and the soccer hooligan wants no part of it. His idol now is Tommy Docherty of Aston Villa, a Leo Durocher character-actor, who says of the rugged, defensive English turn in soccer, "We're not here to please the fans," causing hard-noses to writhe in pleasure. Not being pleased is apparently just what they want. Far better to win a dull game than lose an exciting one.

And so we arrive at these burly little imitations of club directors and hard players, traveling with the team and ever willing to settle its games for it in the stands. When the players square off theatrically (and it is theatrical—even fewer blows are struck than in baseball fights) these fans follow suit in earnest. Soccer was born in bloodshed, one of the most brutal street games ever devised, and it retains this overtone of our gang against their gang—total warfare. The towns involved are just close enough to hate each other in ways that, say, New York and Los Angeles cannot. And there is a sense of medieval fiefdoms having at it.

What separates Britain's new hooligan-hooligan from the soccer-hooligan is his comparative indifference to the game as played. He is likely to begin punching before it starts, or hours after. (One of the reasons it is hard to get figures on soccer vandalism is that any vandalism that takes place anywhere on a Saturday, even at Land's End, may have some connection with soccer; conversely, fighting at the grounds may have none at all.)

For some hooligans, fighting has simply displaced the game altogether. Although the police I spoke to played down any suggestion of war planning, fans again and again told of underground vendettas between gangs of supporters,

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which explained otherwise meaningless punch-ups. An apparently spontaneous rumble in Huddersfield turned out to be the work of third parties from Leeds who had come 30 miles to settle scores with some fans up from London. Another battle royal involving hundreds, occurred around the Christmas tree at Euston, where Chelsea and Manchester United fans had rendezvoused. "We only take our chains to the Notts Forest matches," said a fan from Leicester.

So at least some of the meaningless violence is not as meaningless as it looks from the press box. It often has to be read in the context of last December's game or the one before that. Supporters with long memories arrive armed with strange weaponry that they try to struggle through the turnstiles, some for bravado, some for self-defense, some as a first-strike force.

At a few grounds the stiles are manned by ex-cops trained to spot the suspicious bulge. The Offensive Weapons Act of 1959 allows that anything that might be used as a weapon is a weapon, which results in weird roundups of hairbrushes, combs, belts, steel-tipped boots and crash helmets.

Scotland Yard's man in charge of the hooligan problem says that suspects are ejected but come scampering around to other entrances, which is all right with him since it disconnects them from their friends and disrupts their game plan. But a man lower down says that the police have become tired of this and that veteran offenders now are passed swiftly from hand to hand all the way to the underground and into the train. All the offender has to do to start this process, legally speaking, is to so much as think an evil thought. Anything "by which a breach of the peace may be occasioned"—in other words, anything—is sufficient for arrest. These repeater-type hooligans are the fighters—timeless, recognized by face and manner—"the same boys I knew when I was a boy," according to John Moynihan of the *Sunday Telegraph*, though more fractious than they used to be because their counterparts from other towns can now afford to drop in every Saturday and set up a counterforce. Working-class boys could barely afford home games in the old days. Now they can maraud the length of Britain, like conquering troops, and withdraw to their home bases by night to resume, it is

said, quiet, uneventful lives. Some fans, such as the "Merseyside maniacs" of Liverpool, have all their fun on the road and return to win the "best behaved supporters" trophy at home. Drink is not a major factor until you get to Scotland, where some say it is the only factor—but it does help a bit if the train leaves before the pubs open.

The fighters are the most straightforward and sociable of hooligan-hooligans. You know where to find them: dutifully behind the goal—and if you get caught up in their revels you have only yourself to blame. There has been some scare talk about how they terrorize football grounds and keep innocent folk away. But statistics suggest that innocent folk are coming in ever larger numbers, possibly to watch the fighters from a safe distance. And, judging from how little the clubs have done to prevent them, one might almost assume that their performance is an accepted part of the pregame show. Gangways, barriers, single seating arrangements would safely fence them off from each other. (As baseball fans know, it is quite hard to start a fight sitting down.) But "you wouldn't want to spoil the atmosphere," say football officials piously. And so the terraces remain an almost irresistible arena.

5,000 working-class males from opposing towns shoulder to shoulder, almost impregnable to police, language free as a bird, supporting their religions with glass (or now, at last, paper cups) in hand. It is a comment on English folk myth that they are expected not to fight in such inviting surroundings for pugilism.

On the way home the fighters' numbers are swelled by a less predictable type of hooligan. This breed is harder to pin down because he is literally harder to catch—a store window broken two miles from the ground, a washbasin wrenched from the wall. The clubs are responsible for hiring enough police for the ground although some are stingy—and the railways have their own special police at their end of it. But in between lies no man's land. Nor will the clubs pay any compensation to victims caught there. A girl whose jaw was broken by

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a brick in Liverpool was given a box of chocolates by the management, which prompted her to say that "it shows there are still some nice people," but this outburst of generosity was unusual.

The police have only just begun to analyze the vandal type, and they are handicapped by their tendency to catch the wrong ones. But Dr. John Harrington of Birmingham University, who has made the deepest study of the question so far, believes that the punchers come in small, purposeful groups while the vandals conform more closely to classic mob behavior, acting as a huge shambling organism rather than as people. They appear to be slightly mesmerized until the moment of capture, their identities submerged in the larger one. Their taste for broken glass was explained some time ago by Elias Canetti in his classic *Crowds and Power*. Windows and doors are what keep "them" aloof from "us." "Join us," the age-old cry of the revolutionary, is symbolized by the broken window and the kicked-in door. And the fires they light mean that their constricted lives will never be the same.

Harrington also suggests a similarity between soccer vandals and the worldwide upsurge in rioting at universities. This is echoed by the fogies, who believe the whole generation is cursed. But where the fogies put it down to affluence, Harrington puts it down to different modes of frustration. The university moters fancy they know just what's itching them, but the vandals don't even know where to scratch. "The more education they get the worse they act," says one soccer manager. But a look at the ones arrested suggests that there is more truth in Writer Brian Glanville's phrase "revolt of the D stream," the D stream being boys who are going nowhere in school, who will not go on to a university or to affluence and who know it from the age of 11 or so.

In a fascinating play called *Zigger Zagger*, Peter Terson describes one such specimen. He is a boy in a joke of a school forced to choose between a dreary life by the telly or a few years of mindless exhilaration as a football nut. His affluence is a laugh—it is walking around

money, enough to get him to football games but not out of his cramped house or cramped future. Ostensibly he is smashing windows for the hell of it, but the windows he is smashing are his own.

There is another angle to this that sociologists have brought out. In the 1930s no working-class boy would have dreamed of defying a policeman openly. Even the desperate hunger marches produced little violence to speak of. Authority was more confident in those days and in the General Strike of 1926 did not hesitate to turn the police on the strikers. Therefore, talking back, talking dirty to a policeman or a teacher has some of the dangerous charm that it has for the black man in this country.

Still English back-talkers have a long way to go. When a West Ham boy was caught trying to sneak under a railway barrier and hauled off in a grip that would have impressed a Chicago cop his chums didn't even look at him. Lower-class boys simply feel beyond help when the Establishment puts the arm on them. This would partly explain the swaying tactics, which end up with somebody else getting to push the fuz. The latter are wary of plunging back into the throng and are happy to take the boy nearest to hand—hence a small plague of false arrests.

Actually, most of the taunting is anonymous and hard to track down. It is also difficult to find the obscene-song leaders. In Chelsea a nondescript demagogue called Jesus stands with his back to the game as he conducts music, chants cheers and trouble. But in Liverpool, where they improvise the very best scabrous lyrics for all occasions, no one knows who starts it or how the words are packed up so quickly. I lost most of these at the language barrier and could only make out "Come let us adore him" three times and then the name of the man who got the last goal, or "The goalie is a queer" chanted ad nauseam.

There is some defiance in this, too, though not so much as in our own four-letter-word movement. The English, outside of the genteel middle classes, have always sworn easily and without troubling themselves, as long as the setting

was correct. At the Queen's Park Ground I stood beside the foulest mouth I have ever heard anywhere, and he turned out to be a police, thoughtful fellow between rows. At a Chelsea juniors match, a friend says he heard some fans under 12 practicing obscene chants as if preparing for the varsity. And a certain referee in Kent won't take his daughter to games because the children and old men swear so much.

It would probably be exaggerating to put too much of all this down to social protest. In the '20s Evelyn Waugh wrote of "the English county families baying for broken glass." Vandalism was an upper-class sport in those days. It has only become a social problem now that the participants cannot afford to pay the damage. Rugby clubs have been wrecking their trains and Oxford undergraduates their dining halls since time immemorial.

One of the most interesting aspects of this intrusion of the workers into upper-class play is the density of their elders about it and about social change in general. The official I spoke to jeered at the Harrington Report, a sort of white paper on soccer hooliganism. "Harrington is an ass," said one of them, "a right idiot. Shoot the bloody psychiatrists and you'll cure the problem." It is as if the generation gap actually had slipped not one but several generations. A couple of youth detractors talked wistfully of the days when every house had its own piano and people made their own entertainment, which could hardly be the world of the last 30 years. (The fact that kids now make their own entertainment on guitars is read by critics in England, as in the U.S., as another bad sign.) They also spoke vaguely of trouble "ever since the war," as if the war had just ended and as if we had not undergone several generations since.

Oddly enough, older working-class soccer fans feel the same way as officials: "We used to have discipline when I was a boy," they say, as if they had enjoyed it and asked for more. They too hark back to some Golden Age that sounds like about 1910 and which for

continued

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people in their class probably never existed anyway. The really poignant cry of protest comes from these people and not their juniors, as they grimly exalt the virtues of discipline and poverty that governed their own youth and made parts of England a gray hell. They rail at the kids "who can't take discomfort," i.e., don't like standing for hours in the rain with someone's elbow in their necks, and who have, by their own sadly meager standards, too much money. "They don't have any fear," said a manager. "Mind you, I'm not saying that people should live in fear. But..."

Unfortunately, the control of the situation lies in the hands of people with similar social vision. League headquarters, which is pretty much of a rubber stamp for the clubs, is situated in a tiny little seaside town called St. Annes, far from the madding vandals. Club chairmen tend to be stuffed shirts with an astounding capacity for injured innocence, and the directors are just the type of hard-headed, parochial businessmen the kids would like to bounce a brick off of.

This crowd wants no part of the Harrington Report, with its overtones of the Academy and of Child Guidance, so another committee has been set up by the government, "with no bloody psychologists on it," under Sir John Lang. This group of football people will likely go over the same ground and make many of the same recommendations. But can any changes be enforced on the clubs and will they work?

Sir John emphasizes the purely advisory nature of the committee, which is gloomy news, since there has been no shortage of advice. Alan Hardaker, secretary of the professional Football League, has said that the league can exert some pressure on a lagging club by withholding ground-insurance money. But neither the league (which covers the top professional teams) nor the Football Association (which covers everybody) ever exerts much pressure. There is occasional menacing talk about closing rambunctious grounds, but as Reg Drury of the *News of the World* says, "The news will be if they ever do it." It has, in fact, been done only three

times since the war, each time to a small club. The last was nine years ago.

So long as soccer remains decentralized—"a professional game run by amateurs," as Blanchflower calls it—reform will be a patchwork affair. Clubs with the revenue to do it are grudgingly putting in new grandstands with seats and gangways. Clubs without the revenue say that people prefer to stand at soccer games because they always have. Harrington's suggestion that moats be placed between fans and field was greeted with derision, although it is common practice in Europe. But when Leeds United put up a modest three-foot wall the fire department objected, saying that fans needed emergency access to the field. So holes were punched in the wall, and everything is back where it started. Police, who sometimes seem to double as ushers, must trot around hurling small boys back where they belong and trying not to look too funny while doing it.

The grounds are, in general, pretty primitive, gloomy tin sheds that serve mainly as wind tunnels. Toilets are few and far between, and some grounds have a problem with fans who don't bother to look for such facilities. Grounds improvement is expensive, and for all the teams know they may be relegated to a lower division next year and won't even have a crowd problem.

Meanwhile, most grounds do their best to calm the crowds with canned music, which can dimly be heard through the bawdy singing. Stoke City got nowhere with Mozart but seems to have had some luck with the *Valkyrie*. Jolly announcements over the loudspeaker and endless minutes of contest winners soothe the easily soothed. Otherwise the clubs depend on ever more sophisticated cops, which they seem to be getting, tougher magistrates, some of whom are fiendish, with fines up to £150 and three months in detention centers for boys whose guilt is often dubious, and on a possible backlash from respectable fans who are becoming bored with the nagging, uncivilized hooligans.

In Liverpool, where the famous Kop terrace is almost a matter of hereditary membership, the fans allegedly police

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Riotous Isle *continued*

themselves. "We settle it against the wall," said a cab driver. "The police wouldn't dare go in there." He added that the man who had thrown the brick that hit the girl that brought on the cholera was, so he had heard, beaten and stripped by local vigilantes. Whether true or not, it is the kind of rumor that helps. And in other cities, fans are reported less likely to shield hooligans than formerly and may sometimes even put the finger on them. Thus general fan annoyance may finally do what no one else has been able to manage.

The train situation seems to be more or less in hand in the north, where it started, and getting better in the south. Liverpool took its special trains off for a while in 1963, which brought the fans to their senses—at least to hear Liverpool tell it; a Manchester railway man maliciously produced a clipping to the opposite effect. The police dogs are mainly a bluff. They see the trains off and meet them at the platform, but a policeman confided that the dogs don't like to travel. They have to be kept in the guard's van and out of the corridors, and there is a fear that they may bite the innocent or, if the going gets really rough, may be kicked to death themselves. The number of plainclothesmen on the train is classified information, and one suspects bluff here, too. The interesting question is whether the trains will have to travel under this armed guard indefinitely or whether phantom dogs and phantom cops will someday be enough.

Recently the thwarted train wreckers have turned their attention to buses, and there has been carnage in Ipswich and Southampton, among other places. Ironically, the Southampton fans had just been voted the nation's best—a carrot waved by the Football League to encourage good behavior. It is felt that if the special trains and buses are taken off completely the hooligans will be unleashed on regular public transport, where they would be even harder to handle. Jack Patience of the National Federation of Football Supporters' Clubs suggests that good supporters should act as vigilantes, taking down names of vandals and reporting them.

Other solutions to the overall problem, advanced more or less seriously, include a return of flogging, preferably in mid-field, the institution of "sinbins," namely, cages just out of sight of the game but in sight of jeering spectators; and the reinstatement of universal military training. "People need wars," say a surprising lot of Englishmen, bearing out Novelist Frederic Raphael's theory that the aggression that used to go into building the empire is now turned inward and consumed domestically. And the peaceful citizens carry as big a share of it in their breasts as the hooligans, although they expend most of it in letters to the newspapers.

One reform that almost everyone would like to see, if only on esthetic grounds, is for the press to pipe down. Headlines like SOCCER'S DAY OF SHAME, MAGISTRATE DECRIES JUNGLE LAW, etc., are hardly helping the situation. Ever-defensive officials exaggerate considerably when they call the whole thing a press riot devised to fill the yawning space that English papers allot to soccer, but one suspects that a lot of those days of shame turn out to be half shame when inspected closely.

A commentator on the BBC said, in enumerating the variety of weapons now harassing soccer, that perhaps the deadliest was a "column stuffed with clichés," and he had a point. At the very least the British press is considering the imitation factor in hooliganism and is now playing down such stories. Indeed, imitation is a factor. The practice of pouring onto the field and pestering the players was first observed at a Sunderland-Tottenham Cup match in 1961, which by bad chance was shown on television for a week until everyone in Britain had learned how to misbehave.

To get the soccer noting into some kind of statistical perspective, I tried to run down figures on vandalism in Britain as a whole. But Scotland Yard still seemed a bit baffled by its new computer, and its friendly statistics department couldn't find many relevant figures. Vandalism falls into so many subdivisions in English law that they may never get it straightened out completely.

However, there is a strong suspicion among metropolitan police officers that there is actually more of it in the summer, or nonsoccer months, simply because people get out more, into the insensating rays of the London sun.

Could it be, then, that in England, with its supposed reverence for the law and the amenities of life, wreckage and pillage stand up as sports in their own right? Soccer does its bit to organize proceedings by assembling the vandals in one spot and igniting their passions. But there is no reason to suppose that if they were driven from the soccer grounds—which honestly does not seem too difficult a task—they would not continue working the phone booths and hubeaps.

In the eye of history it seems strange that the British are universally expected to behave more peacefully than other peoples. In the 18th century they were a byword in rowdiness. At one end of the scale were the city mobs, boozey and brutal, a chronic cause of political fear at least from 1789 till the Reform Bills at the other, the coarseness of school and university life. Organized sports may be said to have arrived just in time. Together with evangelical religion, they went to work pacifying both classes and grooming them for Empire. The 19th-century public schools, for all their latent violence, were more civilized than what had gone before, and out of them came, among other things, soccer, a correspondingly civilized distillation of several pretty vicious games. (In his history of the game [*Soccer*, Crown \$5.95] Glanville describes how the moderates split with the men of blood over the question of hacking—i.e., kicking the opponent, which moderates believed should be confined to below the knee—to form two sports, soccer and Rugby.)

The almost eerie gentleness of English life has always been streaked with traces of the old savagery: the fascination with crime, especially murder, the troves of Victorian pornography, much of it sadistic, the addiction to blood sports, the high incidence of cruelty to children. A crowded country with an irritating climate cannot be sweet tempered at all times. And now that Eng-

land's role in the world is less demanding, it is hard to remember what all that discipline was for. The aggression that was supposed to be ritualized and resolved in sports has burst through the frame, as it did in the old West when stage audiences actually tried to kill the villain.

Simultaneously, the artificial restraints of the 19th century—playing the game, not letting the side down, being a Christian gentleman—have become open objects of derision. Crime is more chic than ever, gambling and strip clubs are booming and the top people have run out of moral blandishments. "Britain can make it," "Join Billy Graham's Crusade." The people are becoming slogan-proof. Meanwhile, the urge to destroy and uproot is kept green by another kind of slogan: "Keep off the grass," "Queue forms here," "Not open to members of the public," all the impingements felt by a large populace in a tight grille of sea.

Still, some of the gentleness remains, with or without incentives. Item I thought in Liverpool that I had floundered upon a nest of real hooligans. Four of them barged into my cab and over my snarl of protest said, "That's too bad, m'it mate?" Just what I was looking for, I thought. So I asked them about fighting and such. "Who us? We're the best be'aved fans in the country," they said in chorus. And then, because I was a stranger to Liverpool, they insisted on paying for the cab, as well as telling me how to write my piece.

In Leicester a boy of 14 named Mark Grove, of good fighting age and temperament, offered me, in sequence, a cigarette, his program, his Leicester City rosette and much priceless information. He had not missed a home game in three years. When a fight broke out, he said, it didn't matter how young you were. No doubt in such an event Mark Grove would pile in and possibly Mark Grove would be arrested and the profile of the average vandal would be blurred even further.

After the game Mark offered to get me a cab in the rain, and he said it would be super if I mentioned his name in my article.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Baseball's latest expansion was an early success. Seattle (3-1), beginning like a Northwest cloudburst, won its opener at Anaheim from the Angels as Tommy Harper led off with a double and Mike Hegan followed with a homer. For the home opener, workmen at Sicks' Stadium finally laid aside their tools, but hundreds of them had the presence to stay for the game, which was fortunate since the center-field fence collapsed in the third inning. After a hasty repair job, the Pilots beat the White Sox 7-0. Kids, parents, cops, ushers and even the construction workers—who had built themselves a bench atop the stadium roof—stood for a lingering ovation. Kansas City (3-1) returned to the majors and began winning, thanks to timely hits by Lou Pinella (*below*) and a bullpen that went 24½ innings without allowing a run. Tied with the expansion teams for the lead in the Western Division was California (3-1). Two new Angels were up to old tricks. Reliever Hoyt Wilhelm pitched hitless ball and earned three saves and First Baseman Dick Stuart erred in his first game. Arm troubles plagued Dean Chance and Jim Kaat of Minnesota (0-4). Tommy John of Chicago (1-3) beat the A's 3-0 on a four-hitter. When the A's did score, the new \$1 million scoreboard in Oakland (2-2) said ZIP-ZAP-ZOOOWIE-ZAM. In the Eastern Division, President Nixon made the first error of the season—he dropped the ball before making the traditional Opening Day toss—but for once Washington (3-2) players were not doing the same. Manager Ted Williams gave a rare tip of his cap to the fans and Frank Howard hit four home runs. Even Ed Brinkman, a 187 hitter a year ago, was caught up in the Williams aura, collecting his second homer in three years

and hitting .400. New York (3-2) was also off to a zippy start, leading the majors in stolen bases (12) and tying for the lead in homers (eight). Mel Stottlemyre won twice—on a 14-hitter against the Senators and on a one-hitter against Detroit (2-2). Denny McLain, with a shot of cortisone in his aching shoulder, stopped the Indians with a three-hitter. In all, Cleveland (0-4) batted just .167. Fans in Baltimore (2-2) moaned about the high cost of hot dogs (40¢) and about the scoreboard, which was rendered inoperative. They rejoiced, though, when Dave McNally blanked the Senators 9-0 and Frank Robinson homered twice. The most poignant home run of the year, though, was hit by Tony Conigliaro of Boston (3-1); the man doctors said would never play again after being skulled in 1967.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The second most popular song in Montreal (2-3) was *Les Expos Sont Là* (Montreal beat Montreal, No. 1 on the hit parade) was still *Les Canadiens Sont Là* and the team kept its followers singing by beating the Mets 11-10 in the first international major league game. Reliever Dan McGinn, once a left-footed kicker for Notre Dame, hit the first Expo homer, and the winning pitcher was Don Shaw, a former Met. Strong pitching by Gary Gentry and Reliever Tug McGraw, plus two homers by Tommie Agee, enabled New York (2-3) to win its next two games from the Expos. Tied for the lead in the Eastern Division were Pittsburgh and Chicago (both 4-1). The Pirates took over where the Tigers left off last fall, beating the Cardinals three straight. Pitching turned the trick: Bob Veale, despite fogged glasses and an uncomfortable stomach—he swallowed his cud of tobacco—

won 6-1, and so did stylish Dock Ellis, who sports lavender shoes and Edwardian jackets, 3-2. When the Pirates returned home they were greeted by hundreds of fans carrying Beat 'em Bucs signs, circa 1960. Daily rations of beef noodle soup allegedly made winners out of the Cubs. More vital, though, was the relief work of Phil Regan and Ted Abernathy and wall-rattling hits by Billy Williams (a record-tying four doubles in one game), Ernie Banks and Ron Santo (two homers each). Philadelphia (1-4) players were glad to leave Chicago, where Outfielder Ron Stone was pelted with "a salt shaker, a hard-boiled egg and lots of paper cups." St. Louis (2-3), hitting a scant .212, struggled past the Mets 6-5 on Joe Torre's home run and 1-0 on Dave Giusti's six-hitter. Excellent pitching gave San Diego (3-2) wins in its first three games against the Astros in the Western Division. Dick Selma took the opener 2-1 and then Johnny Podres and Dick Kelley each won 2-0. Houston (0-5) continued to flounder against the Dodgers, spoiling Owner Roy Hofheime's wedding party at the Astrodome. Rookies Bill Russell (.500) and Ted Suremore (.385) perked up the Los Angeles (3-1) offense. Don Drysdale gave up homers to the first two men he faced this season—Pete Rose and Bobby Tolan of the Reds—then settled down to win 3-2. Tommy Helms of Cincinnati (2-2) also had a bumpy start. He went 0 for 8, missed the team plane and was ejected from a game before going 4 for 5 against the Braves. San Francisco (2-3, page 32) stopped the Padres twice after losing three to Atlanta (4-1). The rallying Braves got game-winning hits from Mike Lum and Orlando Cepeda, a grand slam homer from Felix Millan and .379 hitting from Sonny Jackson.

HIGHLIGHT

It is a good thing for Kansas City that the newest Royal, Centerfielder Lou Pinella, has a short memory. Pinella (pronounced pin-ella) was so nervous on Opening Day in Kansas City that he asked the trainer for a tranquilizer—then forgot to take it. Then at first might have seemed a cardinal sin, considering that the Royals are owned by drug man Ewing Kauffman, who made his fortune by reminding people to take pills. But all was soon forgiven as Pinella, leading off, got the first hit in Royal history, a double. Moments later he became the first Royal ever to score. What is more, Pinella got his in his next three at bats and drove in a run for a 4-3 win over the Twins. When he finally fled deep to right field his last time up, Pinella was given a standing ovation by the fans. A day later, with two out

in the 17th inning, he brought them to their feet again with a game-winning single. Pinella's showing was not entirely unexpected. In his first time up for the Royals in spring training he led off the game with a home run—and the love affair with the Kansas City fans was ignited. Pinella, who is just 16 hours short of a degree from home-town Tampa University, hit .289, .306 and .317 during the past three seasons with Portland in the Pacific Coast League. He came from Seattle in exchange for Outfielder Steve Whitaker and Preacher John Gorman on April 1. It was the sort of trade that might have stifled a lesser man, made as it was on April Fool's Day and marking the fourth time the 25-year-old Pinella had been swapped on his way to a starting assignment in the majors. But Pinella rationalized by saying, "I always figured somebody wanted me because they kept trading for me."



LOU PINELLA: A FAST START



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BORING AND UNJUST

Sirs

Tex Maule for commissioner of baseball, football, basketball and all other sports (*The Curse of the Endless Playoff*, April 7). His keen insight into this area is what the sports world drastically needs. Seasons of the various sports are already too long and boring at times. As for pro football, with six conference champions and the addition of the second-place teams from each conference in the playoffs it would be, as Maule so aptly states it, a farce.

RICH HOEWING

Keokuk, Iowa

Sirs

I hope Tex Maule's article will start a movement to prevent pro football from committing suicide.

I love football like a kid loves candy. If you give a kid enough candy, he will get sick. If you give me enough football, I will get sick. I guess there are about 40 million fans just like me. If we all get sick who will be left to buy Mr. Rozelle's candy?

TOM H. FERGUSON

Huntsville, Ala.

Sirs

Tex Maule has an excellent point, but his article misses an important distinction. The issue is not so much boredom as justice.

Basketball and hockey have an unjust system. The teams play all year and then, in effect, establish the winners in brief playoffs. Hal Greer of the Philadelphia 76ers put it well after the Boston Celtics won in the playoffs. "Sure, they're a great team, but to this day I think the better team didn't win." It didn't. The season-long record proves it. Maule makes this point well.

But the new system for baseball is entirely different, as is the pro football system established up to now. Here well-established divisional winners have a playoff against one another and then against the champion of the other league. It is a fair system. The issue of too-long seasons is different from the issue of fairness. Separate divisions make sense and, thus, playoffs make sense. I do not know, of course, how the pro football wrangle will work out, but central to the outcome should be this matter of a system that reflects season-long supremacy, as the present system reasonably does.

EDWIN DALE

Washington

Sirs

Thank you, Tex Maule. Finally someone has recognized the problem that sooner or

later will affect all professional sports—loss of fan interest. Lately the pro owners have assumed the fans' appetites to be insatiable, and we are being overwhelmed by more and more teams, divisions, games, playoffs, etc. We will soon need home computers to keep the situation organized.

The proliferation of playoffs is only symptomatic of the fact that there are just too many teams. When there were only 12 football and 16 baseball teams it was a relatively simple matter to be on top of the situation. You could commit the schedule of the football Giants to memory and would know just who they had to beat on which Sundays to win the conference.

A possible solution is to systematically structure the leagues into six-to-eight-team divisions with little or no interdivision play. A good part of the friendly arguments over baseball are concerned with National vs. American League teams. If interdivision play is absolutely necessary, I think it should be rigidly structured (e.g., six or eight weeks of play within a division, a week or two of interdivision play perhaps between teams that are at the same level in the standings and finally another six or eight weeks of intradivision play followed by appropriate playoffs). Concentrating the interdivision play would have the effect of making interdivision playoffs on a multiteam basis whereby the winners, both teams and divisions, could get appropriate rewards, such as money and/or home team advantage in the finals.

CRAIG BENDER

Madison, N.J.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

Sirs

It was my pleasure to read your article about Torben Ulrich (*A Not-So-Melancholy Dose*, April 7). I was glad to learn that someone felt that way about tennis. Very rarely does one see a player so engrossed in the sport that the fact of his winning or losing means nothing. I believe that tennis should be a sport of concentration and form rather than a game of one defeating another just for a victory.

TOMMY PEACHE

Camden, S.C.

Sirs

I commend Mark Kram on his excellent portrayal of tennis mystic Torben Ulrich. The article—a uniquely interesting study of a uniquely interesting individual—shows your magazine's recognition of the fact that sport is more than just RBIs, touchdowns and free throws.

JIM CAHALAN

Cincinnati

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Sirs

Robert Cantwell's article (*The Ultimate Confrontation*, March 24) focused on the challenge facing the oil industry in Alaska—to develop that state's great petroleum resources and still preserve the wilderness.

Increasing population and urbanization underscore the need to preserve wilderness areas in our country, but they also increase the importance of providing adequate supplies of petroleum energy for society's needs.

To elmen the two goals are not contradictory. We believe they can be achieved and that the challenge posed by Mr. Cantwell can be met.

FRANK N. KRAID

President

American Petroleum Institute

New York City

PAST MASTERS

Sirs

This more I look at the painting of Gene Sarazen getting ready for his double eagle on the 15th hole at Augusta in 1935 (*Moments of the Masters*, April 7) the more he seems to be aiming at that green-side trap. We all know Gene didn't knock it into the sand. Actually that would have been impossible because the trap wasn't there in 1935. Don't you remember telling us it was placed near the green at Ben Hogan's suggestion a few years ago—to toughen the hole (*Masters in Flux*, April 1, 1957)?

Forgive the nitpicking. It is merely my way of telling you I enjoy SI and read every word you ever print about golf.

BILL WEINER

New York City

BATMAN AND BODGE

Sirs

Three years ago when you reported that Jim Jacobs collected and read *Batman Comics* (*Really the Greatest*, March 7, 1966) I immediately became an avid *Batman* reader, as hopes that my handball game would improve. It has not.

Now that you report Paul Haber has won the U.S. Handball Association four-wall title on a diet of booze and nicotine (*A Win for Booze and Nicotine*, March 31) I have something else to try. Already my off-court bragging game has improved. He!

E. H. SNIER

Wayne, Pa.

Sirs

I read the article with anger and disgust. It seems that a sport that is enjoyed and participated in by so many wonderful people and fine athletes should be treated with more respect and presented in a better light than

continued

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10TH HOLE (continued)

you have done. From the standpoint of physical education, there are few sports that offer as much opportunity for competitive fulfillment and complete mental and physical dedication.

PHILIP SMITH
Director, Health Clubs
Jewish Community
Centers Association

St. Louis

Sirs:

It seems to me that I can recall a story about Walter Hagen's showing up for a golf tournament in a tuxedo after an all-night party and another about John L. Sullivan's saloon-haunting that "I can lick any man in the world."

Paul Huber is a colorful individual, on the handball court and off, and if he were not the champion the 1969 national handball tournament might have received a one-sentence review on one of SI's back pages. For example, who are the doubles champions?

BRIAN J. PETERSON

Midland, Texas

THE ZINGER

Sirs:

Johns Bench better than Bill Freeman (*The Big Zinger from Rogers*, March 31)? Roy Blount writes that the catcher is the leader of the club. The team usually reflects back on its leader. Where did Cincinnati finish last year? Detroit became the world champion behind Freeman. I am not taking anything away from Bench, because he is a very good catcher. But better than Freeman? Wait about five years.

THOMAS S. THIN

Toledo

MORE OLD BOYS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article on lacrosse (*The Old Boys Are Still Best*, March 31). I think, however, that your readers should know that the 1968 U.S. Club Lacrosse Association champion was the Long Island Athletic Club lacrosse team, not Mount Washington, which was beaten by L.I. 14-12. The Long Island AC is also a team of businessmen with families but without the benefit of half a century of tradition or a "modest clubhouse" or any other permanent facility. The L.I.A.C. team practices only one night a week and has a 1969 schedule of 14 club and college (e.g., Army, Cornell) games, a 1968 record of 10-1 and a 1967 record of 8-1.

MAX J. D. PHILLIPS

Freeport, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg.,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020**

The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

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